



No. 55.—VOL. V.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



OUR VALENTINE.
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

Africa is fertile in sensations. It was reported this morning that another collision had occurred between British native and French forces in the interior of West Africa, about fifty miles north of Freetown.—Professor Billroth, the great Vienna surgeon, Mdle. Maria Deraisme, a noted advocate of women's rights in France, and the Dowager Countess of Ashburnham, who was seventy-four years of age, died to-day.—Shrove Tuesday was duly honoured in Westminster School by the ancient custom of "Tossing the Pancake," at Dorking by a game of football in the streets, and in Dorset by the "Ancient Company of Marblers or Stonecutters inhabiting within the Town of Corfe Castle, in the Island of Purbeck," holding their annual meeting, at which they enrol apprentices.—This was the Chinese New Year's Day, and the customary ceremonies took place at the Chinese Legation in Portland Place.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, speaking at Bristol, said the avowed policy of the Government was to use the votes of the Irish Nationalist members in the House of Commons in carrying constitutional changes for Great Britain.—The County Council adopted a resolution in favour of having the control of the Metropolitan Police.—A woman money-lender sued a pork butcher in the Lambeth County Court to recover money advanced to his wife on promissory notes, and won her case too.—By a fire at St. Luke's one man was killed and two others severely injured. A Canterbury tannery was damaged to the extent of £10,000.—Vaillant by his will, published to-day, places his daughter, Sidonie, not in the charge of her mother, Virginie Vol, "who has no maternal sentiments," but in that of the well-known Anarchist, Sébastien Faure.—At the second "Battle of Confetti" in Nice, one car, depicting "Baby's First Step" attracted great attention.—The Khedive opened the General Assembly at Cairo, making no allusion to any vexed question.—Lobengula is still at Shangani, and is suffering from gout. Colonel Gildea proposes in the *Times* that a memorial be raised to Major Wilson and his comrades. The Morayshire Club have already taken up the same proposal.

Wednesday.

The Harness prosecution came to an end to-day, as no effort was made to proceed under the Vexatious Indictments Act.—Mr. W. T. Best, who has been organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, since 1855, resigned to-day.—The Royal Agricultural Society decided to exhibit at Darlington next year.—By a fire at Duncombe Park, Lord Feversham's place, the south-west wing of the mansion was gutted, and the greater part of the furniture, with Lady Feversham's jewels, was destroyed.—A Bradford warp-dresser and his wife and eldest daughter were found dead. It is supposed that the man first cut the throats of the two women and then his own.—An ex-captain in the Indian Army, Ernest Scott-Jervis, was sent to prison for ten months by the Common Serjeant for obtaining credit while an undischarged bankrupt. The son of another Indian officer named O'Callaghan was sentenced at the Clerkenwell Police Court to nine months' imprisonment for theft.—One Bernard G. Beale, claimant to a baronetcy, and described as a lieutenant-colonel, appeared at the Westminster Police Court on the charge of procuring charitable contributions by false representations. He was bound over to surrender for judgment if called upon.—A youth of nineteen was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to fourteen years' imprisonment for trying to murder a Camberwell clergyman.—The Princess of Bulgaria, attacked by puerperal fever, has become so ill that all the Ministers were summoned to the palace to-day.—An international Sanitary Conference was opened at Paris.—The Greek Chamber reassembled after the recess, but, in consequence of the preconcerted absence of the Opposition groups, a quorum could not be formed.—Mr. McCreary's motion in the American House of Representatives declaring that the annexation of the Sandwich Islands by the United States was uncalled for was carried.

Thursday.

The *Morning Advertiser* celebrated its centenary to-day by publishing a facsimile of its first number. The paper is dealt with elsewhere in our issue.—Mr. Robertson, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, at Dundee, said we could build more quickly than foreign countries, and could thus keep ahead of them in completed ships, while by watching their latest constructions we could always choose types to outclass them.—Mr. Chamberlain held forth in his beloved Birmingham on a "National Party."—The Prince and Princess of Wales visited "Constantinople" at Kensington.—The British North Borneo Company, whose new set of postage-stamps are illustrated in this issue, declined the proposal of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak for the transfer to him of their territory, though they offered him the Governor-Generalship of it.—Mr. Labouchere fought a dialectic duel at Northampton to-night with Mr. Hyndman on Radicalism v. Socialism.—Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, the well-known writer of boys' books, died to-day in Rome.—A Hackney servant-girl of fourteen was sent to a reformatory for five years for poisoning her mistress's baby.—The condition of the money market in India is said to be rapidly approaching a panic.—The United States Navy, which celebrates its centenary next month, has lost the only ship of the old War Navy remaining in commission. This was the cruiser Kearsarge, which sank the Alabama after a conflict off Cherbourg in June, 1864, and which has been wrecked in the Caribbean Sea.—The deficit in the Italian Budget is said to be £5,200,000. The withdrawal of capital from banks is going on, the possessors preferring to trust to the savings-banks and the Banca Popolare. Industrial operations are very much embarrassed.

Friday.

Timbuctoo is connected with so much that is ridiculous that it seems unreal. Not so to the French, who have suffered a heavy disaster. Colonel Bonnier had occupied the historic city, when he and eighty of his men were cut off by the Touaregs.—Mr. Gladstone left Biarritz to-night for London.—A fire broke out early this morning in a house in Pimlico. Five of the occupants were rescued with difficulty. A man and his wife were severely injured.—It was reported to-day that two postmen had a fight in Regent's Park on Wednesday morning. One of them has since died.—The deaths are announced of M. Adolphe Sax, the inventor of the Saxhorn and Saxophone, who has died in Paris, at the age of eighty, in absolute poverty; of M. Maxime du Camp, member of the French Academy; and of Baron von Werther, formerly Prussian Ambassador in several European capitals.—The funeral of Professor Billroth was the most imposing demonstration of public esteem for a private individual that has been seen in Vienna for years.—It is reported from Buenos Ayres that a conspiracy for the assassination of Marshal Peixoto has been discovered at Rio de Janeiro.

Saturday.

Mr. Gladstone arrived at Charing Cross this afternoon, and was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd.—"The Lords"—that formed the chief topic in the reports of last night's political oratory.—Mr. Bryce, entertained by the Liverpool Reform Club to-day, ridiculed Mr. Chamberlain's "National Party" by comparing it to a ferry-boat for conveying ex-Liberals to the Conservative shore.—It was reported this afternoon that Lobengula is dead.—Jabez Balfour has begun a suit against the British Consul at Buenos Ayres for violation and the abstraction of certain documents.—Baron de Soubeyran, who has for forty years been associated with the financial life of France, has been arrested to explain certain irregularities in the accounts of the Banque d'Escompte.—The condition of the King of Saxony is very serious.—"Complications" (not explained) are expected in Corea, and a squadron of Chinese warships is to proceed there.—A young New York doctor claims to have found an antidote for opium in permanganate of potash.

Sunday.

Princess Ena of Battenberg was thrown from her pony at Osborne yesterday afternoon. She was able to walk to the Palace, and soon after fell asleep. As she had not awakened this afternoon, a specialist was wired for.—Baron George de Rottenburg, a Military Knight of Windsor, died to-day. He was eighty-seven.—The two ladies who went out to Jabez Balfour in Argentina arrived at Southampton. They declined to be interviewed.—A wild wind-storm raged over the country to-day. Yesterday the Scottish Admiral was sunk by H.M.S. Edinburgh. There was nothing, however, unpatriotic about the event, for it was the result of an accident that the warship collided with the barque.—Mr. John Burns described the House of Lords to-day as an unexampled anachronism.—Mr. Ben Tillett said if we got Labour representation the need for keeping up such immense standing armies would be gone.—Mr. Hubert Crackenthorpe, the author of "Wreckage," made his first appearance on a public platform to-night by lecturing on Fiction at Mr. Grein's Sunday Evening Debate series.—The science of soda-water was dealt with by Professor Vivian Lewis at St. George's Hall.

Monday.

The political world was agog to-day by the opening of the annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Portsmouth. The real work of the meetings begins to-morrow.—Mr. Gladstone plunged into work again to-day by summoning a Cabinet Council, at which "most important business" was to be considered.—The House of Commons resumed its sittings, this being its 217th sitting since the session opened. The session is said to be the longest ever known, the average length during the last fifteen years being not much over 130 days.—It is reported that four plates of solid gold, two of which are said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots before her unlucky marriage with Bothwell, have been stolen from the castle of Prince Esterhazy, in Hungary.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, **THE CHARLATAN.** A new play of Modern Life, by Robert Buchanan. At 8, SIX PERSONS, by I. Zangwill.
MATINEE OF THE CHARLATAN, Saturday next, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 5.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. MATINEES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 1.30. MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA.
Written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S
Company Every Night, at 8, in Shakespeare's
"TWELFTH NIGHT."
MISS ADA REHAN as VIOLA. MATINEE, Saturday next, at 2. MATINEES also Saturday, Feb. 24 and March 3; also Wednesday, Feb. 23 and March 7. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. "Miss Rehan's Viola is a charming companion picture to her Rosalind."—Times. "An ideal performance."—Graphic.

CONSTANTINOPLE. OLYMPIA.
TOTALLY UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH. ALL RECORDS ECLIPSED.
MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE. 2000 Performers, Most Gigantic Scenic Effects, Marvellous Dances, Exciting Sports, Marvellous Replica of Constantinople, Magnificent Palaces and Mosques, Bazaars, Fleets of Real Turkish Caiques, Waters of the Bosphorus, Bridge of Boats, Marvellous Subterranean Lake, Hall of One Thousand and One Columns, Illuminated Fairy Palace, Astounding Tableaux of the Arabian Nights. GRAND SPECTACLE at 2.30 and 8.30.
TWICE DAILY, 12 noon and 6 p.m.
Admission everywhere, including Reserved Seat for Grand Spectacle, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 6s. No extra charges. Seats from 3s. booked at all Box-offices and at Olympia.



IN AND AROUND THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT CANNES.

SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY MARS.

ADMIRAL CHARLES GODFREY IN THE "COCKPIT" OF THE OXFORD.



Photo by The Wiltons, Garlick Hill, E.C.
MR. GODFREY AS NELSON.

If patriotism be the surest sign of a nation's health (writes one of our representatives), poor old England cannot be in such a parlous state as pessimists would have us believe, for patriotism unmistakable, stirring the heart to wild enthusiasm, animates the thousands who are nightly crowding the Oxford Music-Hall to witness the effective musical monologue, composed by George Le Brun, entitled "Nelson," which that popular favourite, Charles Godfrey, very admirably renders. No one knows better than "Charlie" how to quicken the people's pulse with national pride or to kindle a righteous indignation against unmerited hardships inflicted on Navy and Army. From his first sketch, "On Guard," fifteen years ago, Mr. Godfrey has stood up for the services, having given at intervals "Balaclava," "The Lucky Shilling," "The Wreck," "Sergeant Barker," and "Inkerman," with the stirring "March of the 7th Fusiliers." Now, as Lord Nelson descending from the summit of his monument in Trafalgar Square, he tells the people that England's greatness depends on her supremacy on the sea. The sketch is in three *tableaux*, carefully arranged and produced under Mr. C. R. Brighton. On the curtain rising, Mr. Godfrey, personating the gallant Admiral in full uniform, with his breast covered with decorations, the portrait copied from the fresco at Westminster and a picture in Greenwich Hospital, is seen standing on the summit of the familiar column amid a sea of fleecy clouds. Slowly, as the column descends, you note the maimed eye and the armless sleeve. Presently the hero of Trafalgar is before the footlights, and commences to sing Charles Wilmott's stirring lines, the last verse running—

Once again, as clear and vivid as if only yesterday,
I can hear the roar of battle ring across Trafalgar's Bay.
See my English ships and seamen, 'mid the crash of steel and shot,
Teach a world of envious watchers lessons that they ne'er forgot!
Hand-to-hand we fought the battles which have crowned old England's brow—
With your worthless ships and rotten weapons, could you win such victories
now? Ah!

CHORUS.

It might be better for England—
Am I to wish in vain?
If some of the ways, if not of the days,
Came back from the past again.
No; at the thought of Trafalgar
Englishmen must, and will,
When in danger awake, for the old land's sake,
And prove she is England still!

At the end of the second line of this verse "the quickest picture produced without fall of the *tableau* curtain, and worthy of the Lyceum



TABLEAU OF THE DEATH OF NELSON ON BOARD THE VICTORY, AT THE OXFORD.

Photo by The Wiltons, Garlick Hill, E.C.

management," according to the dictum of an eminent dramatic critic, is presented. It is Benjamin West's well-known picture of "The Death of Nelson on board the Victory." It is a *tableau-vivant* most artistically arranged and splendidly executed, and full of life and colour. The living actors are as statuesque in their immobility as the painted "cloth," with which they blend in admirable perspective. During the few minutes before the eye, he concludes his song, and resumes his place on the monument, which then steadily rises. The curtain falls, but it is raised immediately; then the monument has vanished, and only the dream picture is to be seen for a moment, yet it cannot fail to be retained by the memory, while the scene is as effective as a lesson of duty as the signal flying on the halyard, that "England expects every man this day will do his duty." Charles Godfrey had but just bowed his oft-repeated acknowledgments for his enthusiastic reception, when, by invitation, I descended to the "cock-pit" of the Oxford, but I found no wounded man there, though one pretty well used up with his exertions, and I said as much to his "Lordship."

"Well, it's a bit of a strain, I confess. You see, I'm 'on' the whole time, and I have to do all the business. Besides, it's no joke being on that column. You must know that the column is of pitch pine, and it works in a groove six inches by two. Now, when it is hauled up to its full height, it is a good way out of the slot, and the result is that it wobbles horribly at the slightest inclination of my body. Then, I haven't much to stand on—only a triangular stand, a foot each way, while one arm is bound behind me; and, besides, it's a novel sensation to look down from that height on a sea of uplifted faces."

"It is certainly the hit of the season, and nothing could have been more topical during this crisis respecting the inefficiency of our Navy."

"That's just the reason we produced it. Why, we have had it up our sleeve for quite three or four years, when I was working the South London halls and singing my other sketches and comedy songs, but there wasn't the call for it then."

"I expect we shall be seeing the Iron Duke off his horse before long?"

"That's just what you will do if you come to the Canterbury before many nights are over your head, for Le Brun has written me a capital sketch, entitled 'Wellington,' which I am bringing out there."

"Well, it will have to be good to equal your 'Nelson.'"

"You're right. It's wonderful what a success this has been from the first night, a week ago, and already it has reached the East End, for I heard the boys in the street singing the chorus last night on my way to the Paragon, where I'm off now, my dear boy, so I'll bid you good-night," said the gallant Admiral, with a shake of the hand so vigorous as to show me that he was uncommonly glad to get the use of his right arm again.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"Caste" is a kind of cleavage line for the play-tasters, and by their attitude towards it you can tell which of the gentlemen whose photographs adorn this month's number of the *Idler* are new, old, or middling critics. Some, however, escape by merely making comparisons of the actors with their predecessors. Such comparisons are rarely just. A few years after a performance, one has but a blurred recollection of its general effect. One forgets the items on the contra side of the account. If, on the whole, A seemed good, one remembers that he was good, without bearing in mind the bad points. We are not even justified in assuming that the old impression was well founded. Humiliating the truth may be, but it is certain that the direction of the wind, the quality of one's dinner, or the "set" of one's shirt-front may largely influence the impression.

Nearly all the *Idler*-crop of critics, and those still unmasked, crush Miss May Harvey with recollections of Mrs. Bancroft as Polly. Let me admit that when I saw the old favourite she seemed unsurpassable, but how can I tell whether the "I" of to-day, if the Marie Wilton of then were to play before me, would think so still. I remember the time when Mr. Wilson Barrett was deemed the real rival of Henry Irving; nowadays, though the actor is as good or bad as ever, those who praised him to the skies damn him with "ifs," "ands," and "buts." One of the most popular men in London formerly was considered a great comedian; at present we all pretend that he only pleases the country cousin; in us, however, is the change, not in him.

The bottom of the matter is that comparisons are unjust unless we can see the two objects almost simultaneously, and stale memories are as deceitful as Chancery affidavits. If you want to be just to the present players in "Caste" you must simply ask yourself, "How did they play their parts?" and not "How does your memory pretend that other people played them?"

I know that the acute reader, the one who reads between the lines, will guess that this is an *apologia* for Miss Harvey. I confess that I should like to praise her. She seems a girl of great ability and rare intelligence. Her performance last June as Mildred made the critics justly talk of her as another of Mr. Grein's discoveries. Yet, I cannot pretend that she is an ideal Polly. Her gifts appear to me to be for tragedy, not comedy; the mechanism of her work was surprising; she seemed so gay, so arch, and so lively that one expected to laugh heartily, and yet she proved to be as ineffectual as all the Christian virtues if their owner lacks charity. The glow of humour, the joy in it, were not there, and one felt that it was an astounding *tour de force*, but unsatisfying.

Perhaps the actress does not believe in Polly—I do not—and, therefore, her skill was unavailing.

However, Polly is not the play, and I cannot decently avoid saying something about it as well as about her. Probably the critics of all classes were puzzled by it, particularly the new. Someone in the theatre—certainly not a quantity surveyor—said that people wept gallons, and I must admit that I contributed a thimbleful. Therefore, it is a great play! By no means. The end of the second act moved me, though it is as false as the prophecies of Mr. Baxter or Herr Falb. I know that it is all nonsense. No man about to go to India on active service is such a brute, such a selfish coward, as to keep back the news from a loving wife till two minutes before he starts; nor do I believe that wives who have designs on the Census returns hint the fact to their husbands with such obscurity of delicate phrase that the men fail to understand the suggestion. The wife of a friend of mine told my better nine-tenths that she announced the fact to her husband by singing to him Schumann's exquisite song "Ihre Bild"; but I know it is not true, for he hates music and does not understand German. Yet, when the delightful Miss Kate Rorke was buckling the sword round Mr. Robertson's waist I needed a lachrymatory, the situation was so painful and so beautifully displayed by the actors.

The radical difference between clever and great plays is that in the case of the former you are ashamed afterwards of the emotions they may have caused—you feel that you have been cheated; while the rarer class move the heart, and the mind, on reflection, justifies the movements. As for the comic parts of "Caste," it is hard to speak with amiability. I have nothing to say of the Eccles of Mr. Anson save, in speaking of the character, to use Bacon's phrase, "The better the worse." When I wish to laugh at the humours of intoxication I prefer to go to the music-halls, and at present even Mr. Coborn cannot tempt me for the purpose. No doubt, there are situations in plays where people must feign inebriety; what aggrieves me is that there is no necessity in the case of Eccles. He is a mere excrescence, and robs the play even of plausibility. A D'Alroy might marry a girl with a Polly and a Sam in the family, but not with an Eccles.

Sam was cleverly played by Mr. Gilbert Hare, though to some extent what I have said of Polly applies to him, and I doubt whether at heart he is a low comedian. Of Mr. W. L. Abingdon's Hawtree one can safely use the sporting phrase, "He is not of the right class." I have not praise enough for Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke; their art is so sincere and so true that it deserves all that one could say, and something more. The Marquise of Miss Rose Leclercq is, of course, really a *grande dame*, but, unfortunately, the author has drawn a bore, and the actress represents it too truly. Yet, despite all one may say against "Caste," one cannot honestly dissuade people from going to see it. On the contrary, it is but just to say that it is intrinsically and adventitiously a very interesting play, and to miss what is likely to be the last production for many a day would be a calamity.

"A Gaiety Girl," although it has the proud record of having twice provoked the interference of the Lord Chamberlain, runs so merrily that last Friday it reached its hundredth night. At present there seems no reason why it should not get to its thousandth, if a hearty reception be a true criterion of success. Pretty girls, charming music, clever acting, dainty dresses, shrewd strokes of wit, and artful singing ingeniously blended will form an attractive entertainment, even if the plot at times seems as diaphanous as the ladies' bathing dresses. No little of the success is due to the actresses: a cast that includes two of the most piquant girls on the stage—the delightful Miss Decima Moore and the pert Miss Juliette Nesville—and also numbers the popular Miss Phyllis Broughton, the lovely Miss Maud Hobson (one would be content with "Hobson's choice"), to say nothing of such a bevy of beauties as the Misses K. Cutler, M. Studholme, L. Pounds, B. Massey, F. Lloyd, V. Robinson, and M. Gorst, is bound to draw all amateurs *du beau sexe*. Of course, it would be hard for Paris in such a case to award the apple; probably he would find the choice in the end lay between Miss Moore and Miss Nesville, and certainly the public which applauded them frantically, and gave the dainty French girl three encores in one song, would vote for these two. When the second hundredth night is reached, but not till then, I shall venture to express my own opinion.

Perhaps the feature of a triumphant evening was the charming souvenir presented to the guests. It consists of a baker's dozen of large coloured drawings by our contributor Mr. Dudley Hardy, which serve as illustrations to the play. It is needless to tell readers of *The Sketch* that the artist has put life and dash into his work, and plenty of character—rather bad character, perhaps, particularly in the men. There is a kind of Bacchanté in black against a red ground on the cover that seems a complete epitome of all that is saucy, mad, wicked, and delightful in the giddy sex. The dreamy, voluptuous eyes suggest passion, while the square set of the arms gives a grotesque touch of the Moulin Rouge. One picture shows four girls in bathing dress—among them the Dresden-china Decima—and the sight of it makes one long for Trouville, where such mermaids may be seen in real life, though it would be hard to find such a quartet even at that delightful place. Perhaps the simplest way of speaking of Mr. Hardy's work is to say that it is worth paying for a seat at the Prince of Wales's to get a copy; but I make haste to add that it would be worth while paying for the seat, even if one could not afterwards carry away such a tangible souvenir. I ought to add that the souvenir has been capitally printed in colour by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons.

MONOCLE.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XI.—MR. WRIGHT AND THE "MORNING ADVERTISER."

Mr. James Payn has recently told us that centenarians are rapidly becoming a positive nuisance. Almost every week someone has the audacity to celebrate his or her hundredth birthday. Newspapers, with



Photo by Rees and Pitcher, Clapham Road, S. W.
MR. THOMAS WRIGHT.

a laudable and natural desire to be up-to-date, have caught the fashionable epidemic of longevity. Two of our morning journals, the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, have already scored their century, and last Thursday the *Morning Advertiser* kept its centenary.

The *Tiser* has two peculiar features, which distinguish it from all its daily contemporaries. It is the organ of a particular trade, and its profits are devoted to the support of a charity. In more senses than one, it may be said to appeal to the public. It champions the cause of the publican, who in these days is so frequently dragged by his opponents from his own bar to that of public opinion, and at the same time caters for the mental and spiritual entertainment of the general public. "License," as well as liberty, finds a place in its columns—the liberty and integrity of the Empire as well as the license of the Alhambra. But it does not forget that all men are not brewers. Except for the special attention which it bestows upon all matters that affect "the trade," its information is not different from that contained in the other great dailies.

Its origin was a curious one. The licensed victuallers of the Metropolis have always been an important body, and even a hundred years ago they spent a large amount of money in advertising their wares. The favourite medium for advertisement at that time was a small sheet, called the *Daily Advertiser*, which contained very little news but a large proportion of advertisements. An enterprising printer of the period, Grant by name, was struck by the brilliant idea of starting a newspaper which should be owned by members of the victualling fraternity and in which they could air their views. Like a prudent man, he counted the cost, and found that it would be little more than the amount which his patrons already spent in advertising elsewhere. His plan was approved by the Society of London Licensed Victuallers, and on Feb. 8, 1794, his venture saw the light in the shape of the *Morning Advertiser*. As each member of the trade society bound himself to take in one copy of the paper every day, a good circulation was at once secured, and the profits which speedily accrued were devoted to the support of the licensed victuallers' charities. The *Daily Advertiser*, which it supplanted, rapidly fell into oblivion, while its successor has survived through many changes to celebrate its centenary.

The *Advertiser* has helped to make a good deal of history in its time. Lord Brougham, Leigh Hunt, and Sir David Brewster—the last not inappropriately—were among its contributors, and in the early part of the century its circulation was second only to that of the *Times*. From the fact that it was largely read in eating-houses and the "poor man's club," its readers were, naturally, more numerous than its subscribers,

and advertisers were not slow to recognise the fact. Its fame spread to America, and New York has to-day a journal of the same name. But when the "tax on knowledge" was removed, the *Tiser*, unlike most of its contemporaries, scorned to reduce its price to the plebeian penny. The result was what might have been expected. While the other dailies shot rapidly ahead, the *Advertiser* advanced but slowly. But the managers of the paper have now changed their policy, with marked success. On Jan. 5, 1891, the price was lowered to the now all but universal penny, and the *Tiser* has gained a new lease of life.

With the reduction in price came another innovation, the issue of contents-bills, which have amused London with some choice specimens of the gentle art of alliteration. Such headlines as "Khama Crawls to his Kraal," "Sitting on the Sofas," "Blavatsky Buchananised," and "Birth of a Bulgar Boy" are perfect gems of their kind. Indeed, Mr. Barrie must have been thinking of the *Morning Advertiser* when he drew the portrait of a journalist announcing to the world the outbreak of a fire in the West Central district under the alliterative title, "Big Blaze in Bloomsbury." Whether our contemporary's stock of capital C's would last over the coming centenary was a problem which was deeply agitating the great heart of Fleet Street a week ago.

The politics of the *Tiser* are, of course, Conservative and Unionist, for those are the views of its principal patrons. But it does not always approve of Conservative men or measures, and the way in which it spoke out on the congenial subject of Mr. Goschen's "beer-money" is said to have surprised that statesman not a little. The paper is, in fact, independently Conservative, though it can always be depended upon to oppose the Direct Veto. Yet there was a time when it was strongly Liberal. But that was in the days before Mr. Bruce's famous Licensing Bill, which first drove Boniface into the Tory fold, and gave Mr. Disraeli his majority in 1874.

Its editors have usually been men of marked individuality. One of them, James Grant, who occupied the editorial chair for twenty years, was the historian of the English Press. Another, Colonel Richards, was one of the most active promoters of the Volunteer movement, and figures in Lady Burton's recent book as the guide, philosopher, and friend of her late husband. The present editor, Mr. Thomas Wright, who has held that position since 1886, is a well-known and much respected member of the "Fourth Estate." Mr. Wright, who is a Leicester man, was born in 1841, and gained his first experience as a journalist in his native town; but, like many another provincial pressman, he soon sought a wider constituency, and came up to London in 1862 in quest of more ambitious work. His Leicestershire training stood him in good stead, and he had little difficulty in getting a foothold on the ladder which leads to the editorial chair. For several years he assisted Dr. John Campbell in the editorship of the *British Standard* and other religious papers, and in 1866 obtained a position on the Parliamentary staff of the *Times*. It was the time of the great debates on Reform, and the editor is fond of recalling the brilliant orations to which he listened from his coign of vantage in the gallery, and comparing them with those of to-day. A year later began his connection with the *Morning Advertiser*, of which he became sub-editor in 1873 and editor thirteen years afterwards. It has been a matter of the deepest regret to Mr. Wright's colleagues that a serious illness, which he contracted on his visit to America last autumn, prevented him from being at his post on the occasion of an anniversary in which he was known to take the keenest interest. We hope he will soon be restored to health and the *Morning Advertiser*.

Mr. Wright has been ably assisted in his work by Mr. Edward Grimwood, who has for fourteen years filled the post of Secretary to the Committee of the Incorporated Society which presides over the management of the paper. Mr. Grimwood is a native of Sudbury, where he was born in 1847, and entered the office of the *Advertiser* in 1864. His aptitude for business speedily gained him promotion, and, after discharging for a short time the duties of assistant-secretary, he was elected in 1880 to his present position by the unanimous vote of the committee of management. Since the paper was started, upwards of half a million sterling has been devoted to benevolent purposes out of its profits, and the responsibility which devolves upon the genial secretary is, therefore, no light one. But hard work agrees with Mr. Grimwood, and the success of his young centenarian has given him and the committee full satisfaction for their labours.

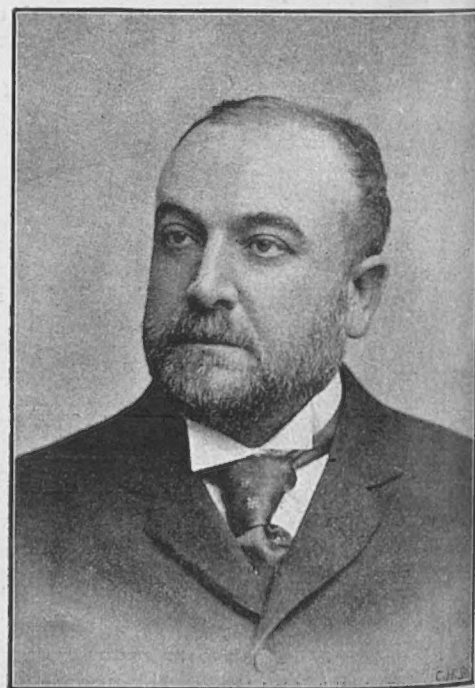


Photo by Parisian School of Photography, Fleet Street, E.C.
MR. E. GRIMWOOD.

"THE TEMPEST," AT OXFORD.

From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Oxford, and Sloane Street, S.W.



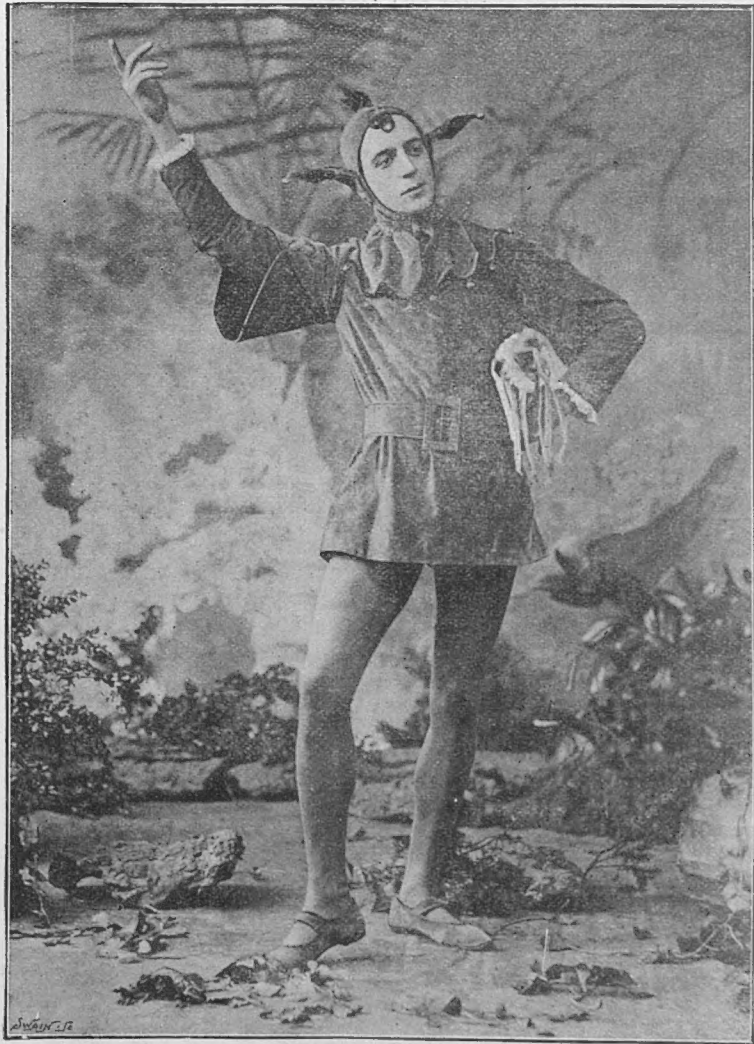
ALONSO (T. A. VANS DEST, MAGDALEN COLLEGE).



CALIBAN (A. BONNIN, TRINITY COLLEGE).



ARIEL (MISS UNA BRUCKSHAW).



TRINCULO (A. ELLIS, TRINITY COLLEGE).

A CHAT WITH MISS EVA MOORE.



Photo by Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS EVA MOORE.

A big brown dog, with thick, soft coat and wistful eyes, gave me my first welcome as I was shown into the cosy little flat by Chelsea way where Miss Eva Moore and her husband, Mr. H. V. Esmond, have pitched their tent.

Buggins's effusive barking gradually quieted, and enabled me to greet my host and hostess; then he extended himself full length in front of the fire, with an air as if to say "I am ready for business."

"You had better interview him first," proposed Mr. Esmond, clasping the dog with a pair of brass fire-tongs in a manner which somewhat disconcerted Buggins. "His name is Brat, but we call him Buggins for preference; he's a most interesting animal."

Here I suggested that my editor's instructions were to have a chat with Mr. and Mrs. Esmond, and no mention had been made of their canine friend, so we let Buggins settle down to a nap, and then Mrs. Esmond commenced.

"I don't think I was more than twelve or fourteen when I made up my mind I would go on the stage, and I persevered in my resolution, in spite of the fact that my parents were very much against it."

"And are they reconciled to your career now?"

"Oh, yes; they gave me their forgiveness just before I appeared in my first trial *matinée*. We are a Sussex family, and I was a Brighton girl, so I had to leave my home and make my own start in London."

"You are one of a large family, I believe?"

"There were ten girls, though all are not living; my sister Decima, the baby, was so called on account of being the tenth daughter. She and my sister Jessie, who is at present in Africa, are also on the stage, and three of my other sisters, Bertha, Emily, and Ada, are concert singers."

"Did you get your opportunity of appearing in London quickly?"

"Well, I had not long to wait. Poor Florrie Toole was a great friend of mine, and she gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne, who engaged me to play in the said *matinée*, and it was on Mr. Thorne's recommendation that Mr. Toole invited me to join his company in 1888."

"What sort of success did you have?"

"I was very fortunate, for at the end of six months Miss Marie Linden left Mr. Toole, and I had a big step forward when I was given her good parts to play. I was with Mr. Toole eighteen months, and we toured for some time, but I could not stand the rush, and when I returned to London I was very ill. The constant journeys were too much for me."

"You are stronger now, I hope?" I inquired, for Mrs. Esmond's pretty oval face is somewhat thin.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

AS PEPITA, DISGUISED AS CHRISTOPHER, IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside, E.C.

AS KITTY IN "THE BROKEN SIXPENCE."



MISS MOORE AS PEPITA, DISGUISED AS CHRISTOPHER, IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"Yes, I am quite well again, except for the influenza scourge, which recently visited me and left me weak. But to return, my next engagement was with Mr. Willard, and there I met my husband, who was playing in 'The Middleman.'"

"When were you married?"

"In 1891. We had a very quiet wedding in the Savoy Chapel, because I was then living in a flat close by. Only my family and nearest friends were asked to the ceremony, and there was no reception afterwards. We did not even have a honeymoon, but continued working hard. We took our honeymoon, or our first holiday, I should say, last summer, just two years after our marriage. We rented a big house at Haslemere, with one of my sisters, at the top of the Surrey Hills, and we had our friends down to stay with us. It was lovely there, quite near Professor Tyndall's home, and didn't Buggins enjoy the heather!"

"Where else did you play before joining the Lyric production?"

"I can't tell you the number of *matinées* in which I have appeared; besides these, I was in 'The Cabinet Minister,' then a short time with Mr. Terry, and afterwards with Mr. Willie Edouin, which brings me up



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

AS PEPITA IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

to 'The Mountebanks.' Following that, I took part in the revival of 'Our Boys,' till I joined 'A Pantomime Rehearsal' at the Court Theatre, and played Miss Violet, quite one of my favourite parts. I was with Miss Amy Roselle in 'Man and Woman.'"

"And how do you like the life on the whole?"

"I enjoy it immensely. I have worked my way up, and appreciate good times all the more for having served my apprenticeship. Life is not always easy on thirty shillings a week, when you have to find your own clothes."

"No, nor on twenty-five shillings, and even a pound," chimed in Mr. Esmond, "and I have done that in the five years I played in the provinces. I did not enjoy those times, I assure you, but the part of Cayley Drummle, which I have now in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' that is a pleasure. Such a grand play, so artistic!"

"After your provincial days, where were you in London?"

"I was two years at Terry's Theatre, one at the Shaftesbury and one at the Lyric, but all the way through I never had any adventures—though I've written some plays. One or two are just finished, and one is bought already. If you won't put it in print, I will tell you to whom I have sold it," and Mr. Esmond mentioned a name which speaks volumes for his ability as a playwright.

"I quite forgot to make one inquiry," I said to Mrs. Esmond, as I rose to take my departure: "have you had many love-letters from infatuated youths who beheld you from over the footlights?"

"Oh, well, of course, I had some," admitted the young actress half deprecatingly; "Oxford and Cambridge men are susceptible."

And I could not wonder at their taste in inditing *billets-doux* to such a charming and attractive little lady as Miss Eva Moore.

L. E.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The execution of Vaillant, the Anarchist, was awaited by thousands of morbid spectators, eager to witness such a horrible sight; but it was confidently expected that it would not take place during the Carnival days, so the crowds who patiently waited every night were much less than they might have been. The news spread rapidly, however, on Sunday night (Feb. 4) that the following morning was the time fixed. Numerous *bals masqués* were taking place all over Paris, and the greater part of the lower class of dancers rushed off to the Place de la Roquette. The windows of the adjoining houses were let to the curious, as much as thirty francs being paid for a seat.

The officials and police, meanwhile, were in the unenviable dread of being blown up every minute. Up to the last moment they received numerous letters from Anarchists declaring that if their friend Vaillant were executed his death would be amply avenged, and not one of them escape a dreadful death in return, no matter how small a part they might have taken in the carrying out of their duty.

The execution took place amid breathless silence, only broken by Vaillant himself, who just as the knife was being adjusted shouted, "*Mort à la société bourgeoise! Vive l'Anarchie!*" in a voice so clear and vibrating that everybody in the huge mass could hear it.

M. Max Lebaudy has given the sum of 60,000 francs to be divided among the workmen at the Lebaudy sugar-refinery, and 10,000 francs to be distributed by the *Figaro* among the principal charitable associations of Paris, in honour of his attaining his majority and the large fortune that has been awaiting him since the death of his father in 1891. The young man says at the same time that, although he probably will spend his income, he intends to preserve and protect his capital, and that his intention is far from spending it exclusively on his pleasures. A certain English lady at Nice, more than old enough to be his mother, is at present his favourite companion, and the beautiful actress and this boyish millionaire (M. Max Lebaudy looks about seventeen) are the cynosure of every eye during their drives, walks, luncheons, and dinners together.

The death took place last week of a most celebrated actress and *demi-mondaine* of the days of the Empire, Léonide Leblanc. Possessing the *entrain* of Judic and the capability of Sarah Bernhardt, she might, by hard work, have risen to the front rank of the theatrical profession, but her lovely face brought her so many gay companions and admirers that she preferred to indulge her fancies. Two years ago she sold a celebrated pearl necklace, valued at £10,000, which brought her again, for a short time, into notoriety. She died at the age of fifty-five, and almost in poverty. The funeral service at the church was attended only by ten people, among them Isabelle, the famous flower-girl of the Jockey Club. The *cortège* then proceeded to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, followed only by the two Sisters of Mercy who had watched the body. Thus died and was buried Léonide Leblanc, alone, poor, and forgotten, she who had once been the admired of all Paris, and for whom countless extravagances had been committed.

Versailles was a scene of terror last week. A bomb of unusually explosive power was reported to have been found in the Town Hall by a caretaker, who pluckily seized it and deposited it in a bucket of water. Had it burst, no doubt it would have caused great loss of life and property. The courageous caretaker was the hero of the day, naturally, and favours and promises of promotion were showered upon him by the Mayor and Council. An inquiry was opened, with the surprising result that it was found that the caretaker himself was the delinquent, and he was promptly arrested. It seems that the young man was an ex-sergeant of Engineers, and not satisfied with his present position, he made use of his knowledge of explosives, and so set to work to make a very destructive bomb, which he would save from exploding at the risk of his life, and thus gain promotion. He stupidly forgot several details that eventually prevented the full realisation of his ambition. He used the official tape and the same sealing-wax as that used in the Town Hall. The fuse proved that the bomb was never intended to really explode, as it had been already lighted, extinguished, and then put into the bomb. A threatening letter, also, had previously been sent to the Mayor, signed "An Anarchist," which was singularly like the writing of the *employé* who is now in jail.

The boulevards were crowded on *Mardi Gras*, and the roads and paths, consequently, were several inches deep in *confetti* and *serpentins* as night approached. The weather was particularly mild, and many of the costumes donned were, therefore, light and airy. Among other freaks, I saw two youths dressed up like the regulation English tourist, saying to everybody near them, "Ow-do-ye-doo? Oh, yes!"

MIMOSA.

TOO BROAD.

"I regret to say, Miss," said the literary editor of the *Daily Bread*, "that your 'Poem of Passion,' while not without decided merit, is hardly suitable for our columns."

"Is it a little too long?" inquired the young woman, anxiously.

"N-no," rejoined the editor. "It is a little too broad.—*Chicago Tribune.*"

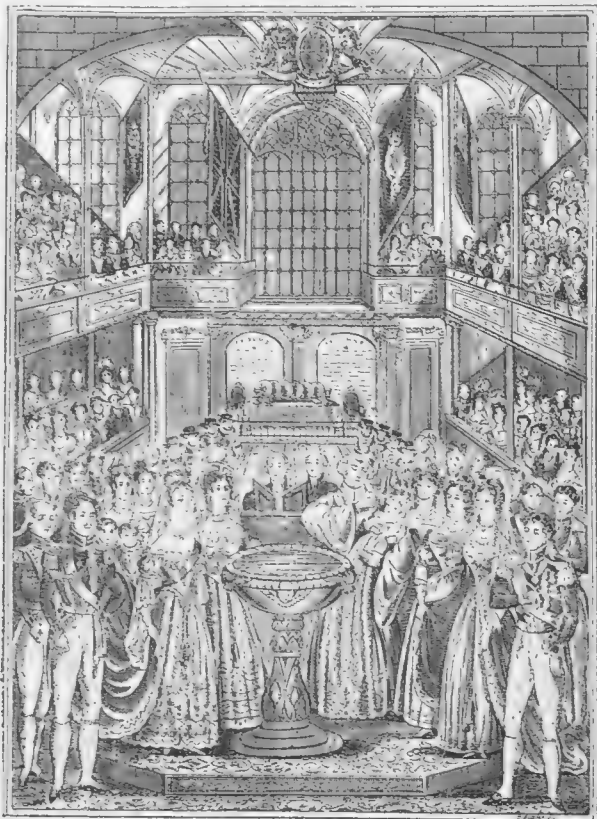


The crowd waiting for Vailhant's Execution



SMALL TALK.

The Empress Frederick, whose annual visit is invariably anticipated with the liveliest interest by the Queen, was duly reminded on Saturday by her Majesty, who is a living "Dictionary of Dates," that the day was a double anniversary, that of the Queen's wedding and of her own christening. The accompanying queer little sketch of the ceremony was



CHRISTENING OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK, FEB. 10, 1841.

published at the time, and, whether its absolute verisimilitude be unimpeachable or not—a point which I cannot decide—it is, at least, interesting as a souvenir of the style of dress worn at Court ceremonials at that comparatively remote date. The Empress will spend a few days at Buckingham Palace before leaving England, and is to be present at the first Drawing Room if she is able to remain for it. On quitting England the Empress is going to the South of Europe for a while, and will, later on, proceed to Cronberg, her new residence on the Taunus Hills.

The restrictions placed by her Majesty upon the number of presentations to be made at the four Drawing Rooms this year must have caused a tremendous flutter among that steadily growing fringe of society hitherto so desperately anxious to get itself presented at Court. Various alterations have been made in the existing regulations, and for the future every application for presentation will be carefully considered by the Lord Chamberlain's department, thus quite altering the official practice of late years, which has been to throw all responsibility on the lady making the presentation. As far as possible, one presentation only is to be permitted in a family, while, should the number of applicants exceed the limit laid down, as it assuredly will, then foreigners of distinction are to be given the preference. For some years presentation at a Drawing Room has meant, socially, nothing at all, but with the new regulations something of the old distinction will soon attach itself to these functions. The Queen was very angry at certain presentations that have been made, and is determined that the system of needy members of the aristocracy increasing their incomes by presenting the wives and daughters of Dick, Tom, and Harry shall not be allowed to continue.

The Queen is to arrive at Windsor Castle on Friday, and will remain there until the third week in March, when the Court leaves England for Florence. Her Majesty will come up to Buckingham Palace from Windsor on Monday, the 26th, and will leave London the following Wednesday evening, starting from Paddington about half-past five.

A nightly report of the proceedings in the House of Commons has always been furnished by successive Prime Ministers to her Majesty. The present Parliament has seen this ancient custom abandoned, Mr. Gladstone, on

account of his age and the heavy pressure of public business, requesting her Majesty to allow Mr. Robert Spencer to prepare this nightly *résumé*. Mr. Spencer has, I hear, carried out this additional duty to the entire satisfaction of both the Queen and Mr. Gladstone.

A very full attendance is anticipated at the first *levée*, which the Prince of Wales is to hold at St. James's Palace next Monday, and as there will be a large number of official and quasi-official presentations, in addition to the general rush which is always made for the first *levée* of the season, it is to be hoped that the Court officials will make the necessary preparations for a crowd, as at the last big *levée* there was a terrible scene of confusion.

Not quite so many distinguished people as usual were present in St. James's Hall on the occasion of Joachim's first appearance this season. The wet weather was, in some measure, responsible for this. Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., was there to welcome his old friend, sitting in his usual corner seat near the artistes' room. He had a minute's conversation with the great violinist, after the latter had been recalled. In front of the President sat Lady Hallé, who had two days before made her last appearance for the season at the "Pops"; her presence was a delicate compliment to the importance of the occasion. Then, not far off from her Ladyship, there were Miss Alice Gomez (Mrs. T. H. Webb) and her husband. The ex-Attorney-General, who is one of the best vocalists in the House of Commons, paid a visit to the hall, and had a good many friends to greet. Sir Richard Webster is, by reason of his legal and Parliamentary duties, not very often seen at these concerts, although he keenly enjoys classical music. Many members of the sister profession of painting were, as usual, noticeable.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Photo by J. H. Voigt, Hamburg.

The death of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, will call up interesting memories to every visitor to the United States. I suppose that scarcely any Englishman ever visited the Quaker City without giving a look in at the office of the *Public Ledger* in order to have a chat with the genial proprietor. Dukes, earls, bishops, and well-known actors, to say nothing of literary and scientific men, were among the constant stream of visitors. Of the dukes and earls Mr. Childs had, perhaps, a little too much to say to the casual untitled caller; but this was a trifling peccadillo, which could readily be forgiven to one so large-hearted and generous in his dealing with his fellows. It was in any case remarkable, even in a country of self-made men, that so unique a social position should have come to one who had risen from the very



MR. G. W. CHILDS.

ranks, and who began life at fourteen years of age as an errand-boy in a Philadelphia book-shop. Mr. Childs, it may be remembered, rose from the errand-boy to become a successful bookseller, and from a successful bookseller he became the proprietor of the *Public Ledger*.

To take up the *Public Ledger* in a news-room in Philadelphia causes a shock of mild surprise to a traveller after seeing something of the journals of New York and Chicago. Mr. Childs had the best of journalistic instincts, for he understood how to supply a want which many people had felt, but which few had dared to express—the want, that is to say, of a sober and staid journal in a country where soberness and staidness are looked upon as entirely divorced from journalism. Among the sixty millions of dollar-hunters there were a goodly number of prosperous people who did not want the bright inaccuracy and vulgarity of the *New York World*, or even the more capable frivolity of the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. Childs said, “I will produce a dull paper—as dull as the English journals,” and he made a fortune out of it. His editor, by-the-way, of late years has been Mr. Davies, the father of Richard Harding Davies, of *Harper's Weekly*, and the assistant-editor of the *Ledger* is Mr. Farrar, a son of Archdeacon Farrar.

The visitor to Mr. Childs's office was shown into a room which abounded in art and literary treasures. There also was a row of the famous tea-cups, one of which he was known to give to every lady-caller, and there, on another shelf, was the row of books about himself, with a pile of which the male visitor had need to be content. But Mr. Childs's kindness never stopped with the presentation of a tea-cup or a book; those who had time and leisure he would insist upon taking out to his charming country seat at Wootten, named, of course, after the late Duke of Buckingham's place near Aylesbury, while the more hurried globe-trotter was shown the lions of Philadelphia under his escort or that of one of his staff. Future visitors to the States will miss his genial, kindly personality, and here in England one may recall with gratitude his memorial windows to Herbert, Cowper, and Milton, and, perhaps, with less qualified thanksgiving, the memorial fountain which disfigures Shakspeare's native town. That he advertised these gifts so freely in book and pamphlet perhaps detracts somewhat from the satisfaction which Englishmen may feel in their possession; but an obtrusive virtue of this kind has humour as well as other things to recommend it, and, on the whole, one may dismiss Mr. Childs with the regret that there are not more millionaires like him.

On examining my catalogue as one of the “Press gang” on the opening of the Loan Collection of the Yachting Expedition at the Royal Aquarium, I felt at once “at sea”; not that there was much swell on as I paced the gallery and admired the cut and rig of the fleet of elegant pleasure craft surrounding me, but from the fact that apparently some mischievous sea-urchin had during the “dog watch” transposed the labels on the exhibits, so that some vessels showed a wrong number, or didn't hoist any at all. However, the development of yachting from the time of Charles II., the history of the various yachting clubs, and the achievements of the most noted “cracks” were so admirably written by Mr. Dixon Kemp in the catalogue that one felt inclined to overlook a mere matter of detail. Models of steamers, schooners, cutters, sloops, yawls, ketches, and brigantines display their graceful lines, while the drawings and photographs of others sustain one's interest in this excellent exhibition, where you may also wonder at owners' different fancies in the way of bulb-keels, sliding keels, or centre-boards. One yacht has as many as five, while the differences in style of cut-waters are equally varied. The Prince of Wales has kindly lent a model of his celebrated racing cutter *Britannia*, and among the hundreds of exhibits one naturally stops to admire models of the *Valhalla*, the *Cambria*, the *Livonia*, the *Vigilant*, the *Valkyrie*, the *Marjorie*, the *Lenore*, the *Mayflower*, with drawings of the *Volante*, the old *Arrow*, the *Sappho*, &c. The collection of racing cards, the log-books of noted cruisers, with the newest inventions in fitting and rigging, come appropriately within the scope of this loan collection, which shows a decided advance on its predecessor.

Sir John Scott, the new knight, though he has spent most of his time in Egypt and some in India, is, nevertheless, well known in London. He was for many years the Alexandria correspondent of the *Times*, and resigned his position only when the revolt of Arabi took place. He is one of those men who live to laugh at pessimistic doctors. While hardly more than a youth he was ordered to Egypt. He went there, as he thought, to die. He practised there as a barrister, just to occupy his idle time, won renown, discovered that the doctors were all wrong, became Judge of the Consular Court, then Judge at Bombay, and is now earning fame for all time as the first organiser since the Pharaohs of a just judicial system throughout Egypt. He has not only succeeded in disappointing those who told him that his life would be short, but he is now Sir John, with all the honours of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.



Photo by F. Frith and Co., Reigate.

THE SHAKSPEARE FOUNTAIN.

PRESENTED BY MR. CHILDS TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

With regard to the successful performance of "The Tempest" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society on Jan. 31, it may be pointed out that the most recent representations of the play in London were the two given by the Irving A.D.C. in December, 1890, at St. George's Hall, in aid of the Medical Aid Society and Cyprus Society. On these occasions Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Tempest" music was performed by an orchestra composed principally of students of the Royal Academy of Music, under the *bâton* of Mr. Battison Haynes. Mr. Charles Fry stage-managed capably; Mr. Augustus Littleton, of the Novello Littletons, appeared as Prospero; Mr. F. Rawson Buckley, then a promising amateur, now a member of Mr. Irving's company in America, made a distinct mark as Ferdinand; and a charming Miranda was found in Mrs. William Bell, sister of Sydney Brough's bride. The extremely interesting and successful semi-amateur performances of "The Tempest" reached at least as high a level as did that just given by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, and they should certainly be called to mind at the present moment.

Tableaux-vivants seem to be quite the thing at our variety shows just now, and one is not surprised at the Empire following the example of the Palace in this direction. I heard the other afternoon that for the living pictures which are now drawing crowds to the house in Leicester Square the management have tried hard to secure the services of Mrs. Langtry. Whether the gossip be true or false, it seems a pity that the lady in question should not be a principal figure in one or two of those admirable groups that the energetic Empire management have arranged for our delectation. Many opinions have been expressed as to the ability of Mrs. Langtry as an actress, but I never met with any critic, male or female, who did not consider that she made a most admirable stage picture, except, by-the-way, as Rosalind, in which delightful part it was generally agreed she hardly looked well in those "slashing and martial" habiliments adopted by Shakspeare's most charming heroine in her expedition to the forest.

"On what article of personal adornment or of personal use can we lavish our superfluous cash?" seems to be the cry of certain ladies who, in spite of defaulting companies and unpaid dividends, still have superfluous cash to lavish. Here is a suggestion. A friend of mine who was in Paris a short time since tells me that he was shown a most sumptuous umbrella, made for a well-known lady in that gay capital. The handle and the ferule end of this dainty article were of the finest transparent tortoise-shell, richly encrusted with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. The extremity of each rib was also of the same expensive material, and precious stones were freely used in the adornment of these delicate points. The cost of this enviable umbrella was only 37,500 francs, or about £1500 sterling! If only our English ladies can be induced to use umbrellas of this description, drivers of hansom cabs may make handsome fortunes, for women have a wonderful knack of leaving their umbrellas in public conveyances, and Scotland Yard demands a liberal ransom for all articles received there from the drivers of hackney carriages, which ransom is handed over to the honest caddy.

I very much regret to record the death of Miss Maggie Savile-Clarke, which took place a few days ago at Nordrach, in the Black Forest.

Miss Savile-Clarke's death, at the early age of twenty-three, will come as a severe blow to a very large number of friends and acquaintances. She was the second daughter of the late Mr. Henry Savile-Clarke, and she was a sister of Miss Clara Savile-Clarke, whose stories and sketches have more than once appeared in these pages. Her very lively appearance with her sister, Miss Kate Savile-Clarke, in the Guards' burlesque and as a skirt-dancer at one or two charity performances will be within the recollection of many of my readers. Her youth, her beauty, and her singular sweetness of disposition will be recalled for many a year to come with feelings of deepest sadness for her loss. At the Consumptive Home in Germany where she stayed for many months previous to her death she was a universal favourite, a veritable little queen.



Photo by Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS MAGGIE SAVILE-CLARKE.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

There will be a fashionable gathering at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday. The Esher enclosure looks very pretty just now. It is, without a doubt, the best course anywhere near London wherein to view racing, and it is the most popular with the Upper Ten. Mr. Walker, who lives on the spot, prides himself on the appearance of the pasturage, and Sir Wilford Brett always takes care that we are well fed at Sandown. A capital programme has been issued for the meeting under notice, and amateur riders will be very apparent, to the utter discomfiture of the poor backers. I believe the Prince of Wales will win the big hurdle race, the Grand Prize, with The Vigil, who may then be trained for her engagement in the Great Metropolitan, for which she looks good.

A well-known face at race meetings is that of Dr. Dougall, who, I think, could give a great many of the older hands a long start and a beating at playing the game of racing.

The sporting doctor manages a stable at Liddington, in Wiltshire, and in Wedgwood he has a trusty henchman. Several good races have been won by Braemar—a most erratic horse—Lady Hallé, and others; and I believe the stable now holds some useful two-year-olds, notably a colt by Timothy and another by Chitabob. It is, however, in another way that Dr. Dougall has come to be so well known and so popular on our race-courses. He and Dr. Taylor are always ready and willing to render that first aid to the wounded which is so telling, and these gentlemen are called upon scores of times during the season to attend the sick and the injured on our race-courses.

What is more, they apparently are all the time well provided with the proper remedies, and there is hardly a jockey, amateur or professional, who is not under an obligation to Dr. Dougall or Dr. Taylor for services rendered. Dr. Dougall, I should add, is a good judge of horseflesh and a keen racing critic. He knows how to place an animal to the best advantage, and he does not, as a rule, get the worst of the market.

One of the best backed horses for the Derby is Arcano, despite the fact that many good judges ridicule the idea of Sir W. Throckmorton's colt winning, asserting that he is a non-stayer. Out of seven attempts Arcano last season won five times. Among his conquerors were Ladas and Bullington, while the son of Mask—Annette asserted his superiority over such useful animals as Grey Leg, Clatterfeet, Shemer, Lettesewe, and Bumptious. I think myself Arcano will prove a tough customer for the cracks to tackle.

Since the close of the flat-racing season Bradford has had plenty of exercise, and he frequently rides Percy Peck's horses in their work. He does not appear to have put on much weight, and is still the same quiet, unassuming lad of old. He has a great future before him. I believe he would like to become a good billiard-player. He is at present about the worst to be found among the knights of the pigskin.

It is worthy of passing remark that amateurs do not meet with more than their share of success in the management of racehorses—the reason why I cannot tell. Anyway, Lord Marcus Beresford had a bad season with Baron Hirsch's horses last year; Mr. R. Moncrieffe did little or no good in placing Colonel North's thoroughbreds; the Hon. George Lambton has won very few valuable prizes for the patrons of his stable; Mr. Lushington was not over-successful with the horses owned by Mr. Gubbins; and the Hon. C. M. Howard has yet to win a big stake for Mr. Max Lebaudy. On the other hand, the ex-jockey, Mr. Morbey, had a very good year in 1893, and he certainly worked wonders with the uncertain Red Eyes.

A little bird whispers in my ear that arrangements will be made to have the town of Epsom illuminated on the night of the Derby if Ladas is successful, and it is further hinted that a deputation of the inhabitants will wait upon the lord of the manor to convey their congratulations. Lord Rosebery, who often spends Saturday to Monday at The Durdans, is held in the highest esteem by his neighbours, and their only regret is that his Lordship does not have his horses trained on the far-famed downs.



Photo by G. Currie Smith, Glasgow.

DR. DOUGALL.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MORE BIRRELLISMS.*

Mr. Birrell's praise is in all men's mouths. We need not be in a prodigious hurry to hate him for that; but I submit that it renders him suspect. The friendship of the compact majority is compromising to a critic. For it is the business of the critic to understand everything, and to see farther through a brick wall than other men; whereas the compact majority only understands its own temperament, if that, and declines to see any farther than the end of its own nose. But the title of critic, perhaps, is just what Mr. Birrell would disclaim. I think he would be right. He is really a humourist, in the Johnsonian as well as in the modern sense. I mean that he is a sedulous cultivator—like *Candide* when he settled on the Bosphorus, *de son jardin*—of his own idiosyncrasy; also, he is an artist in the quaint and incongruous. There, maybe, you have the secret of his charm. While the critic is wrestling with his subject, heaving and panting in the effort to pluck out the heart of its mystery, Mr. Birrell, good, easy man, is declaring, with his feet under the mahogany, that mysteries are all humbug, and that, *à propos* of Shakspeare and the musical glasses, of the Time Spirit and Marie Bashkirtseff—or, simply, *des bottes*—he cannot abide the poems of Mr. Lewis Morris. It is the fashion to call this quality "detachment." By any other name it would be as engaging. Discursiveness, irrelevance, a plentiful lack of sequence in ideas—these, too, are characteristics of Mr. Birrell which endear him to us. Moreover, his is the temperament which instinctively knows "the sense of this meeting," an admirable temperament, I should imagine—in politics. We feel quite safe with him. He never shocks us and never bores. He is a gossip without prolixity, a "character" who is not a "crank." For these reasons, not to mention the others, I take leave to apply to his new volume of essays what he himself says of Richard Cumberland's memoirs: "It is an excellent book. All I mean by excellent is excellent to read."

Which, once more, is not quite the same thing as excellent criticism. Mr. Birrell has not, I will make bold to say, the true critical temperament. The essence of that is sympathy, flexibility, the Pauline art of being all things to all men, an immense receptivity and adaptiveness. "*L'esprit critique*," says Sainte-Beuve, "*est de sa nature facile, insinuant, mobile, et compréhensif*," and he goes on to compare this critical spirit to a limpid river winding round the works and monuments of literature, reflecting them all impartially, comprehending them all. That is not Mr. Birrell's way. His spirit is no limpid river, but, to borrow another of his own phrases, "a pail of cold water," which he cheerfully throws over the enthusiasms and the moods he dislikes. "Mr. Stephen," says he approvingly, "is a bracing writer. His criticisms are no sickly fruit of fond compliance with his authors." This exactly describes—and, from a certain standpoint, damns—Mr. Birrell. We do not complain of a thermometer for its "fond compliance" with variations of temperature; but it seems it is, in Mr. Birrell's view, the business of criticism to stand, as Johnson felt on the failure of "Irene," "like the Monument." Unhappily, the finest of monuments may make an indifferent register, and will not do at all as a divining rod. Remembering this, we shall run the less risk of baulking our enjoyment of Mr. Birrell's new volume. It is a delightful picture of a monumental personality; but it is not criticism. The temperament is that of Defoe's True-born Englishman, with an admixture of the bookworm, the Templar, and the undergraduate. "As for Pye"—Pye was a forgotten poet-laureate, whose memory is revived in this volume—"he was a scholar and a gentleman, a barrister, a member of Parliament." Mr. Birrell is all

these, except poet-laureate. The bookworm quotes Elia on the dog's-eared binding appropriate to Thomson's "Seasons," and analyses the catalogue of Baron de Lacarelle. The Templar discourses pleasantly of Roger North, an inconsiderable barrister, who boasted, "like so many of his brethren, alive as well as dead, that he always read his briefs." The undergraduate chaffs Oxford about its shabby treatment of poets, and declares Cambridge to be the true nest of singing birds. The member of Parliament writes amusing reminiscences of candidates. The True-born Englishman is offended by Marie Bashkirtseff's "fur cloaks worth 2000 francs," and decides off-hand that Rousseau's "Confessions" ought never to have been written. The gentleman and scholar reads Bolingbroke, but pronounces him a "consummate scoundrel"; enjoys Swift, but is careful to correct his enjoyment by a liberal allowance of the epithets "foul," "base," and

"abominable"; knows his Gay by heart, and does not forget that Gay was "very fat, and fond of eating." Nothing could be more excellent—and more uncritical—reading. Another quite delicious revelation of temperament is Mr. Birrell's whimsical habit of administering back-handers to the authors he dislikes at moments when those authors are not in question. He tells us he once met a humourist in a chop-house who was heard to mutter, "There is nothing I hate so much in the wide world as a chump chop, unless, indeed, it is the poetry of Mr. —." Here were two congenial spirits. All the chump chops in Mr. Birrell's pages are accompanied by a slap at the works of Mr. —; but in his case the blank is conscientiously filled in. Thus, of some ludicrous proceeding of Hannah More we read: "There is surely something Miltonic about this scene which is, at all events, better than"—what do you think? you will never guess—"anything in Aken-side's 'Pleasures of the Imagination.'"

Avocat, il s'agit d'un chapon,
Et non d'Aristote et de sa "Politique."

But, if Mr. Birrell happens to dislike Aristotle's "Politics," he thinks a capon may be a capital excuse for saying so. It is this happy, whimsical irrelevance which helps to make Mr. Birrell's book what it is, a pleasant mental alternative. And his gratuitous revelations of personal taste are readily forgiven, because it is the taste of most of us. We most of us "cannot away with 'Robert Elsmere,' 'The Wages of Sin,' or 'Donovan'"; we most of us find it "easy, and even helpful, to live

for six months at a time without reading a new novel by Mr. Hall Caine or Mr. Black," and we are pleased to find these feelings expressed, as Mr. Birrell expresses them, with wit, quaint fancy, in sober and "nourished" style. Being pleased, we shall not care, I daresay, two straws whether he is rightly to be called a critic or not. And, after all, I am willing to admit that it doesn't matter.

A. B. WALKLEY.

A STORY ABOUT BALZAC.

À propos of the French relations with Dahomey, someone has raked up an interesting anecdote about Honoré de Balzac. It seems that an enthusiastic admirer of the great author of "*La Comédie Humaine*" once sent him as a New Year's present a magnificent red velvet dressing-gown, plentifully adorned with gold lace. Balzac, rather ungratefully, instead of wearing this gorgeous garment, disposed of it promptly to a neighbouring second-hand clothier, in whose shop it remained on show for a while. Finally, about 1875, they say, the dressing-gown was sold to a man of business who had dealings with Dahomey, was seen by the monarch of that land, admired, bought, and constantly worn by him. The question now arises whether it has fallen into the hands of the French soldiers at Dahomey. These adventures of Balzac's dressing-gown are quite romantic, and might well form the groundwork of a tale. They also point the moral, "Never look a gift-horse in the mouth."



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.
MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P.

* "Essays about Men, Women, and Books." By Augustine Birrell. London: Elliot Stock.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE, SUNDERLAND.



Photo by Church and Brentingham, Sunderland.
MISS AMY KNOTT (WILL SCARLETT).



Photo by Church and Brentingham, Sunderland.
MISS M. CROSSLAND (ALLAN-A-DALE).



Photo by Sawyer, Newcastle.
MISS VIOLET LESLIE (MAID MARIAN).



Photo by Church and Brentingham, Sunderland.
MISS BESSIE WENTWORTH (ROBIN HOOD).

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE, SUNDERLAND.



MISS PATTIE BELL (DOLLY DIMPLE).



MISS WENTWORTH AND MR. CHAPMAN AS THE ALABAMA COONS.



THE LADIES OF THE BALLET.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. CHURCH AND BRENTINGHAM, SUNDERLAND.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What an interested thrill of expectation and apprehension was sent through the public of Europe by the news of the Czar's serious, or supposed serious, attack of influenza—the disease in which he must be supposed to have a sort of vested right! There are few men whose ailments are so really important to the affairs of the world. Little power as an autocrat generally has in the midst of a bureaucracy through whose eyes he must see, yet the ruler of All the Russias still has the power to make good or bad weather for Europe. If it were his will, we might be plunged in the coming summer into a war beside which the wars of the past would seem as child's play. As it is his will, peace is preserved for the present. It is singular to find a single person so enormously important by position able to hurl the millions of that great, dumb, mournful country to glory or ruin with a word.

It impresses the public, this uncontrolled power. Of course, one knows that, human nature being what it is, a great many wills go to determining an autocrat's policy. An official system, once started, goes on working by its own tradition, and any attempt to change its action by the most powerful ruler generally results in breaking it—or him. And where competitive examination appoints not, and influence and favour gain preferment, the tradition is apt to receive an additional strength from the hereditary or family element. Even in England occasionally some public office falls into the hands of a few allied by blood, and the inevitable result is a stiffening of tradition and a resistance to reform and innovation. So came it to be under the native dynasties of India. Nothing is more striking in Indian history than the way official traditions and fictions endured long after all semblance of reality had departed from them. That good old Holy Roman Empire with which recent generations have been bored was a miracle of vigorous life compared to some of the traditions of the East.

And Russia has in her being a strong dash of the Oriental. The country is not so much semi-civilised as superficially civilised. The ideas and improvements are all there, and in use, but have not had time to soak in to the inner nature of the people. The inbred thrift of the Scandinavian, the inherited intelligence of the German, the traditional acquisitiveness of the Jew, leave the average Russian helpless in large commercial transactions. He can bargain, haggle, cheat if necessary—none better or more shrewdly; but the business habit of mind that is in almost all Scotchmen and almost all New Englanders is not yet acquired, for all which the Tartars are largely responsible. They came in and subdued the unlucky Slavs while the other European nations were acquiring the habits of civilisation. The time lost has not been caught up again, except externally.

It will be a pity in some things if, in the revolution of history, Russia gets split up into manageable fractions. It would destroy the impressiveness of the country. It would probably lead to the formation of several new Parliamentary States, and there is a peculiar meanness about new Parliamentary States as a rule. Witness the squabbles of Servia and its jarring parties, "Liberal" and "Radical," and what not? The names are somewhat unsavoury even in England, where they mean something of weight still; but there is a repulsiveness about these incongruous labels when affixed to petty and barbarous factions of some precarious little State. Cannot these new Parliaments even invent nicknames for their own parties? Must everything be imported?

No; let Russia be kept enormous and mysterious and melancholy. Vastness and gloom are among the few things that still command reverence and awe. Probably the Russian alliance is the nearest thing to religion that many modern Frenchmen will ever feel. And the Sovereign of Russia ought to try to contribute to this feeling of awe. He should be inscrutable, inaccessible, terrible. He need not do anything, but he should be impressive. Modern monarchs are far too human. They are good fathers of families too often; they mix too readily with others; they are neither superhuman nor inhuman. All this is unwise. A monarch, if he means to be really a ruler, and to leave a secure throne, should retain some of the incalculability of an earthquake, and he would be regarded with the same respect. I am convinced that no small part of the reverence with which Mr. Gladstone is regarded is due to the fact that his actions are frequently, and his words invariably, insusceptible of any clear explanation.

For instance, that recent message from Biarritz about the rumoured resignation.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Francis Parkman, the historian, has left behind him a fragment of autobiography, which is described as most charming, full of sweetness, manliness, and nobility.

Never in modern times did the story pure and simple hold its own more firmly in the hearts of readers than in this day of psychological fiction. Yet, the two movements would seem to struggle on unequal terms. For the social problems and psychological puzzles that fill half our novels have at least the air of being new, while the real straightforward storyteller is almost an extinct being. Luckily, the old store of tales is nearly inexhaustible, and never before was there such a stirring and rummaging among folk and fairy and primitive literature.

England has not led the van in this movement; but she does not lag behind now in the issuing and editing of all that is available in the way of stories from China to Peru. Mr. Leonard Smithers has just edited, and Messrs. Nichols have published, an English version of "The Thousand and One Quarters of an Hour," Tartarian tales of Gueulette.

Readers are most likely to have come across him before, if they have had the good luck to own or have access to that library of story lore, the "Cabinet des Fées," in which were reprinted his "Soirées Bretonnes." Gueulette was not a man of first-rate imagination, perhaps, but he was an exceedingly clever imitator of those who had that quality, and these Tartarian tales, in the manner of the "Arabian Nights," though much less vivid in colouring than their model, are very entertaining. "The Story of the Blue Centaur" and "The Three Crump Twin Brothers of Damascus" should find many readers.

Interesting to students of Burns are two little volumes newly issued by Mr. Alexander Gardner. One of them, a memoir of Isobel Burns, the poet's youngest sister, by her grandson, is a reprint from the original limited edition published a year or two ago. There is a little—net much—that is new about Robert in it. Independently of that interest, it is a striking picture of an old Scotch dame of strong character, with a clearly marked literary instinct. In one way she was indeed a marvel. Some schooling she had had, like all William Burns's children; but she was, after all, only a peasant in a particularly inarticulate nation.

In the other is collected the homage to Highland Mary. A Burns enthusiast in America has gathered together the most striking passages in prose and verse in praise of her who has become now as a Beatrice or a Laura, and in explanation of her history and love-story. "The Mystery of Mary" is not quite solved in the volume, for, indeed, the mystery of Mary has its solution in Burns's own character. But how deeply the little bit of story that is known about her has touched the imagination of the world can be realised on looking through this tribute of devotion to Burns and all that belongs to his name and fame.

Translators from a little known literature have a responsibility on them beyond that of faithful interpretation. It is a question whether the artistic and imaginative worth of a book be always a sufficient justification for introducing it to foreign readers. Writers often recoil at their own country, lash it with scorpions even, who might be sensitive to the impression produced on aliens with little opportunity of learning the other side of the story. So one thinks on reading "Lady Perfecta" (Unwin), by Galdos.

Modern Spanish literature, though it is easy enough to read, is little known in England, and the few novels that have been translated for us have mostly given a terribly depressing picture of Spanish life and society. It would be well if sometimes the other side—it there be one—were given by those who interpret Spanish fiction for us. "Lady Perfecta" has all the appearance of being a cleverly written book, though at times the translator takes little enough trouble to convince us of this. From the point of view of literature it is worth reading, and yet, involuntarily, it makes one take sides with Spain and cry out for an antidote. It is a terrible picture, ruthlessly drawn.

A fine, gay fellow, clever, right-minded, and with no more than an average amount of contempt for old-fashioned prejudices, goes dutifully to woo his cousin Rosarito in a cathedral town in the provinces. His father gives him a delightful impression of Orbañosa, where "life passes with the peacefulness and sweetness of idyls. What patriarchal manners! What nobleness in such simplicity! What an admirable spot for the dedication of one's self to the contemplation of one's own soul and for the preparation for good works!" His cousin is sweet and winning, but, alas! the peaceful, simple spot is a hotbed of intrigue, envy, malice, and hatred. He is hounded on to express views which ruin him in his mission by certainly the most diabolical priest that it has ever entered into the heart of novelist to conceive. He is unwillingly embroiled in quarrels; in the end he is foully murdered, and the gentle Rosarito driven to a lunatic asylum.

Never was there written a bitterer tale. "Under Pressure," the Roman story by the Marchesa Theodoli, which has something like the same motive, is tenderness compared to it. Perhaps "Lady Perfecta" is wholesome. It is a cry for light and air and movement in the old musty places of the earth, where corruption oozes from the tombs of the past. Had it been all truth, and not half of it the exaggeration of bitterness, it should have been enough to have rased old Spain to the ground.

O. O.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

The hit of the
Piece.

E. L. F. S.

BY INA LEON CASSILIS

"Nothing doing to-day, my dear," said the agent, and the poor little dancer rose wearily.

She had heard that parrot cry so often, and had so often—as she did to-day—waited half the morning to hear it: for dramatic agents have a cheerful habit of keeping their clients in a state of suspense, only to tell them at the end of two or three hours what might equally well have been explained at the beginning. Amy Erle (her real surname was Bloggs, which would never do on the stage) was not an astonishing beauty or a modern Cerito. She had a pretty face, was prettily made, and danced very nicely—that was all. She was a good little girl, though she did not support a widowed mother, as is usual with the good little dancers. Mrs. Bloggs was not a widow. Père Bloggs kept a small greengrocer's shop in a street near the Strand, and tried to keep a large family, and Amy, the eldest girl, tried to keep herself and help her parents and the children. As a result of this combined struggle, there was not a very wide margin left for the due apparelling of poor Amy, who was frequently obliged to appear before agents and managers in more or less shabby garments, with mended gloves and frocks that had obviously seen wear. But what was she to do when there was so much wanted at home, and so little where-with to supply the wants?—though, of course, she knew how poor a chance she had of getting an engagement, even when business was good, while she showed herself ill-clothed, and just now it was very bad. Amy had been six weeks at home, doing nothing and sharing the family loaf. It was not much she ate, to be sure, but every little tells when there are eight people to keep, besides rent to pay and stock to buy, and sometimes Mrs. Bloggs grumbled *sotto voce*, though Bloggs père, to do him justice, was always cheerful, and never grudged his brave little Amy food and shelter. "You 'elp us, my dear," he would say, "when you've a shop, an' we've a right to 'elp you when you're out o' work."

Amy turned sadly away from Mr. Blake's handsome office, and walked down towards the Strand. She was very hungry, for she had breakfasted early, and none too sumptuously. Could she afford a bun? After some hesitation, she decided on expending a penny, and, entering a shop, she asked for a couple of stale buns, which she could have for a halfpenny each. She thus secured an ample luncheon.

While she was consuming her repast, a young person with yellow hair and very smartly attired entered the shop.

"Hullo, Amy!" she cried. "You here! How are you, dear? What are you doing, eh? Got a shop? Two jam tarts"—to the shop-woman—"and a cup o' corfee"—all the time shaking hands with Amy.

"No," said Amy; "I've just come from Blake's—the old yarn, doing nothing."

"Oh! they always say that. But business is awful, ain't it? Come and sit here," proceeded Miss Vennie d'Altra; but as she spoke she gave a sweeping and significant survey of Amy's attire. "Look here," she went on, seating herself, and Amy followed her to the little table, "you're on Denham's books, ain't you?"

"Oh! yes," said Amy, with a sigh; "but he never has anything."

"Well, he has to-day, only the screw's so shameful low. I wouldn't think of it, but if you're hard up for a shop you might care to. It's Jackman's tour—you know him. He's taking out a new burlesque—wants some dancers. Denham's got the job: you might get a chance."

"What's the screw?" asked Amy.

"Fifteen bob, and find your own dresses," replied Vennie, eating her tart.

"Oh! I say——" cried the other. Then she paused: even fifteen shillings a week was better than nothing.

But the dress—could she manage it?

She paused, reflecting, while Miss d'Altra rattled on, scarcely heeded by her companion. Then Amy rose. "I'll have a try," she said. "Thanks, dear, for telling me."

"Oh! all right," replied Vennie, good-naturedly.



B. L. F. S.

"Hullo, Amy!" she cried. "You here!"

The girls shook hands and parted, and as Amy crossed the road her late companion, looking after her, muttered, "She's a fool to go about shabby, and she needn't—little milksop!" Then Miss Vennie ordered some more pastry, and glanced complacently at the image of her own richly clothed person reflected in a mirror.

Amy presented herself at Denham's, and the agent mentioned the Jackman engagement, and told her she might call to-morrow at twelve. He was not quite certain he could engage her. There were so many girls willing to accept fifteen shillings per week and find their own dresses.

Amy went home, and had tea-dinner (the dinner part consisting of a herring), and returned at the appointed time next day to the agent's office. She was engaged to dance in the *ensemble* in the burlesque, and also in a *pas de trois*. The company left St. Pancras on Sunday morning, and this was Wednesday, but by dint of hard work and sitting up half the night Amy got her dresses ready, for the greater part of the day was taken up by rehearsals. The "crowd" generally was no worse and no better than the majority of burlesque touring companies, but the stage-manager was very kind and considerate, and, though he ruled firmly, was never rough. Dick Randall was a general favourite, while Mr. Jackman, "the governor," was disliked.

Amy's dresses were not new—she could not manage that, anyhow; they were "faked": the consequence was there was not much wear in them, and as the weeks passed on they began to look shabby, while the dresses of the other girls were still resplendent. Remarks were made in the dressing-rooms, of course, and one night the stage-manager called Amy into his private room, and in the kindest manner told her "the governor" had spoken about her dress. The poor girl, trying to gulp down her tears, answered that she had no money to buy new things.

"I know," said Randall. "Well, my dear, don't cry. It'll be all right here; but Camerton's our next town—a big place, and I'm afraid 'the governor' 'll cut up rough."

He patted the girl kindly on the shoulder, but she went away with a swelling heart. She knew very well that the *première danseuse*, Fanny Hazlemere, had declared she wouldn't dance the *pas de trois* with such a shabby fright as that Amy Erle, and Fanny ruled "the governor." Fanny dressed beautifully, and wore real diamonds, though on the salary list her name stood for two pounds per week. It is astonishing how far a little money will go—sometimes!

Just two days before the company opened at Camerton—a large town in the Midland coal districts—a disastrous accident occurred in one of the mines, by which about fifty men were killed and many women and children left destitute. The accident threw such a gloom over the town that the "Pretty Vivandière" Company opened to the worst business done on the tour, and it had not been specially brilliant anywhere.

Jackman was in despair. "I reckoned upon Camerton," said he to Randall, "and it's going to be a frost all the week."

Randall came to the rescue. "This is Monday night," said he; "bill all the town to-morrow, announcing a benefit for the widows and orphans on Wednesday night. That'll pull 'em in, and we shall do good biz the rest of the week."

"Randall, my boy, you're a brick!" cried Jackman, and the next day flaming posters announced to all the town that the performance at the Theatre Royal on Wednesday night would be for the benefit of those rendered destitute by the colliery disaster.

But in the morning Randall met Amy Erle coming from the manager's room with red eyes, and, indeed, the tears were running down her face.

"Hullo, my dear!" said the kind-hearted stage-manager. "What's up?"

"The governor's sacked me, Sir. He says the 'ben.' must be a big go, and I'm too shabby for the *pas de trois*. Lizzie Welch is to dance it."

Randall paused and whistled. "That's bad," he said. He looked meditatively at the girl for a minute; then an idea seemed to strike him.

"Look here," said he, "can you sing?"

"Yes, Sir—a little."

"All right. It's no good trying you now, you've been crying. Come to my lodging at four o'clock, I've got a piano there. I've a notion; but keep dark, and don't cry—you won't be able to sing. Now, good-bye, my dear; keep up your heart, there's a good girl!"

He hurried away, and Amy went back to her lodging, wondering; but punctually at four o'clock she repaired hopefully to Randall. The result of the interview was that, an hour later, Randall sought Mr. Jackman, and told him it would be best for Amy to finish the week. She wouldn't be noticed in the *ensemble* dance in the third act, and Lizzie Welch could dance in the *pas de trois*. Jackman consented: he was dismissing Amy, be it observed, without notice or equivalent salary, on the ground of "incompetency," as she did not dress adequately. He knew quite well that the girl was too poor to test legally the justice of his proceedings.

On the momentous night the higher priced seats were but sparsely filled, but the people came pouring in to the pit and gallery in crowds, rough colliers, most of them, and their women folk, and, no doubt, they thought they were exceedingly charitable and self-denying in contributing to the Disaster Fund, while they enjoyed themselves, human nature being much the same at the pit's mouth as it is in Mayfair and St. James's. Dick Randall surveyed the house with a critical and satisfied eye, and stroked his chin thoughtfully as he turned from his place of observation.

The piece went well with the audience—fairly well, that is, but there was no very marked enthusiasm. "All right," said Dick to himself: "we'll wake 'em up." While the second act was going forward, he ran down to the room in which Amy and a dozen other girls dressed; but only Amy was there now. He knocked at the door, and Amy herself opened it. She looked flushed and remarkably pretty. Randall scanned her carefully.

"First-rate!" he said. "Couldn't be better. You'll knock 'em. You're not nervous, my dear?"

"A little; but I sha'n't fail."

"I'm sure you won't, my dear." He smiled and turned away, swallowing a lump in his throat. Dick Randall had a wife, a miserable, drunken creature, who had left him five years ago; but he knew Amy Erle was a good girl, and he would not have it on his conscience to try and make her anything else.

A minute later, Amy ran up to the wings and stood waiting on the prompt side, until Randall should give her the signal. Another moment, and the curtain went down; the second act was over, and there were no calls. Fanny Hazlemere was furious; Jackman looked "dour." Randall came up quickly to Amy, whose heart was beating fast. "Now, then, my dear," he said, "on you go!"

The girl looked up into the kind face, and, "taking her courage in her two hands," stepped on to the stage.

What the audience saw was a pretty girl, with fair, fluffy hair, flushed cheeks, and soft, half-appealing eyes. She was innocent and modest, and she looked both. But her dress! She was not in tights and spangles—she was almost in rags, and the fashion of her attire was like that of the very poorest sort of pit girl. The people stared. What did this mean? Some clapped, some laughed, some called out, in their broad Midland dialect, questions or remarks. The girl took no notice; she raised her hand to the orchestra, and they, previously instructed by Randall, struck the first notes of a well-known pathetic air. Then Amy began to sing. Her voice was small, and she had very little training, but the tone was true and pure, and every word she sang was distinctly enunciated. The verses were hardly better, if better at all, than doggerel (they were Randall's own composition), but they went home to every heart in front. They were an appeal, as from one of those made orphan by the colliery disaster; they spoke of the misery of the widows and children, of the brave men who were hurled to a sudden death. Their rugged and homely pathos might have made a West-End audience laugh, but to these rough pitmen and women they were heart-stirring, and their effect was tenfold more patent, rendered as they were, in character, by a pretty, modest-looking girl, who gave them with the feeling which is the soul of true art. At first the people listened, open-mouthed and breathless; then men and women began to sob; the excitement grew and deepened, till, by the time the third verse



"Now, then, my dear," he said, "on you go!"

was finished, the singer was so much affected by the emotion of her audience that she faltered and almost broke down. Bravely she struggled through the last verse; the closing word was almost a sob; she stopped, with the tears rolling down her cheeks. Then the house "rose" at her. The wondering company crowded the wings, while men and women in front, weeping, applauding, stamping, waving hats and handkerchiefs, gave the poor little dancer such an ovation as the biggest star might sigh for in vain. She had to sing the song again, and after that she was called and recalled, until at last, almost fainting with excitement, the poor girl clung to Dick Randall, and implored him to let her off another call. As for Dick, he was in a fever of delight; he had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes.

"You're made, my dear!" he cried; "'the governor' can't do without you now. They'll have that every night, and at Darsfield too; it's only ten miles off."

"If they do keep me on," said Amy, earnestly, "I shall owe it all to you, Sir."

But Dick interrupted her. "Oh! you've no call to speak about that," he said hastily. "You're a good little girl, and you deserve to get on."

Mr. Jackman capitulated. The song "pulled them in" far more than did the benefit. The house next night was crammed from floor to ceiling, and the song was the "hit" of the performance. But Amy, primed by Dick Randall, refused to sing again, unless she had a fresh engagement, at better terms, and the manager was glad enough to concede both. Amy Erle was "starred" in the bills as the singer of the famous song, which was as big a success at Darsfield as at Camerton, and "went splendidly" throughout the colliery districts. In the result, Amy got a good offer to play and sing in pantomime, at a salary which made her execute a private and particular dance of delight in her own lodging. What things she could do for them all at home with such a "screw"! And it was all dear old Dick Randall's doing.

"I do wish there was anything I could do for you," she said to him in her gratitude; but Dick only laughed, and said it was "all right. If ever there was anything she could do for him—well, perhaps he'd let her know."

And he did, a couple of years later—for his wife had died: so he could tell Amy of the one thing she could do for him—if she were willing. And she was. They haven't made their fortune yet—fortunes are not easily made in "the profession"—but they are very happy, even when business is bad, facing the world together, making light of trouble in true Bohemian fashion, and always seeing the sunshine, though it shine through the narrowest of chinks.

WHO IS BABY: WHAT IS SHE?

[The *Queen* says that a new game for evening parties is as follows: All the young ladies bring photographs of themselves taken when they were babies, or, at least, very young. These are arranged in a row, and the young man who can identify the greatest number receives the prize.]

You think it is a bunch of fluff,
Until you're simply told.
It's lovely woman—in the rough,
When scarce a twelvemonth old.
And then you're asked to recognise
In snubby nose and baby eyes
A maid you know.
You can't? If so,
You'll likely lose the prize.

Enveloped in a maze of lace,
Like mummy swathed in balm,
There peers a tiny patch of face
No bigger than your palm.
But though you fondly gaze thereat,
How can your heart go pit-a-pat?
It's hard to tell
Which blushing belle
Was once this "little brat."

"Its" tiny pair of knitted shoes
Are now high-heeled and kid,
Save where the wearer's modern views
Such Chinese chains forbid—
You must not, by-the-way, commit
The fault of calling baby "it,"
For, if you do,
The maiden who
Is meant will have a fit.

The pretty little cotton socks,
The soft pelisse displayed,
Are now replaced by silk (with clocks)
And jackets tailor-made;
The robe of Then is now a skirt,
A starled and striped and coloured shirt;
But then, you see,
The infant she
Has grown and learned to flirt.

J. M. BULLOCH.

AN ARMY COLLEGE BUT NO ARMY IN SIAM.

Paradoxical though it may sound, this is really the case with the little kingdom of Siam. The Royal Military College at Bangkok is quite an imposing-looking building inside and out, having been constructed on English principles by European workmen; but the fact remains that the Siamese army has practically no existence except on paper. An attempt has just been made to ameliorate this state of affairs by enrolling



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, BANGKOK.

the male population from the ages of eighteen to thirty-five, but as soon as one becomes acquainted with the Siamese character one grows sceptical regarding the success of such an experiment.

Last year's trouble with France showed up this extraordinary state of affairs in lamentably bright colours. The authorities despatched every available man and gun to what they conceived to be the theatre of operations—namely, the Mekong River—whereas a little reflection should have assured them that when the French took the initiative it would be by coming to Bangkok direct. Again, on the night of the engagement between the enemy's gunboats and the Paknam forts—when a bombardment of the city was expected hourly—a friend of the writer's, a military officer who had seen much service and been wounded several times, offered himself to the Siamese commander as a volunteer, only to be told, "*Pra deo*" ("You must wait"). King Chulalongkorn's army officers are supposed to pass through this military college in due form; but at present it is much mismanaged, and most of them are "rushed" through without knowing more than the most elementary facts about soldiering. In the ranks, the Männlicher repeating rifle is largely used, but it is to be feared that only too many of his Majesty's warriors barely know how to fire their weapons. Prince Ong Noi, the Minister for War, enjoys considerable popularity, but knows far less than Thomas Atkins does about European methods of waging warfare. His Highness would do well to see to it that the soldiers are paid with a trifle more regularity, particularly as their enthusiasm is quite latent enough as it is. The total cavalry force of the country numbers not more than 150, who are mounted either on raw-boned steeds imported from Australia or on the wretched little ponies bred in Upper Siam—the only species of the equine tribe that does breed in the country. They are taught how to sit a horse by an English instructor named Beresford.

Of sappers or engineers there are few or none. In the Ordnance Department there is no lack of guns, but they are of all ages and all patterns, and manned by artillerists who carry out all too clumsily the orders of their handful of European officers. The great bulk of the force is, however, infantry of the line, if such an expression can be applied.

The Siamese have a great idea of music, and there are at least a couple of decent military bands in Bangkok. The best of these performs a selection on the square in front of the palace every evening, winding up with the "National Anthem." In one of the skirmishes with the French last year no fewer than thirty Siamese trumpeters were stated to have been taken prisoners. It is a curious fact that so fine and commodious an establishment as this Royal Military College should not be made better use of, for it is only by such means—by the higher education of her officers, particularly petty officers—that Siam can hope to maintain with the possibility of success a struggle against even an Asiatic Power. The adjustment of rank among the superior officers is another extremely pressing matter—surely a system under which a brigadier-general commands a battalion and a colonel a half-company is no system at all.

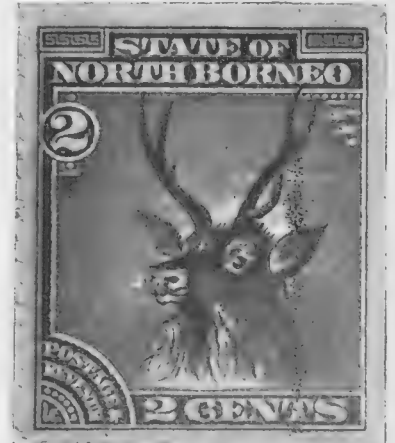
To sum up, I can call to mind only one other "army" in the world that may be said to be in a worse condition than that of Siam: it is the Corean army. But, then, Corea may be said to be analogous to Siam in more ways than one. To take the only other example that suggests itself to me at the moment, I have witnessed a Siamese execution, and it struck me as being not a little barbarous; but I have reason to believe that the details of a Corean execution are such as to beggar description.

P. C. S.

BEAUTIFUL POSTAGE-STAMPS.

Postage-stamp collecting, like a good many other hobbies, strikes many people who pride themselves on their common-sense as an amiable eccentricity. In some cases the common-sense people have a good deal to be said for them, for many postage-stamps are far from lovely to look

issues its own copper coinage (cents and half-cents), also notes of one, five, ten, and twenty-five dollars, to the extent of 100,000—accounts being kept in U.S.A. currency—and it has just issued a set of nine new stamps, eight of which are reproduced in these pages. These stamps are intended to replace the two earlier issues of the company. To describe the nine new stamps technically, one would say that five of lower value are upright rectangles, 22 by 26 mm., and the four of higher value are



upon, though, of course, they are valuable from being much sought after. Anything more shabby and cheap-looking than our own series of stamps, notably the penny and the halfpenny issue, it would be difficult to find. America, perhaps, leads the way in producing stamps that are works of art, especially the handsome Columbus series, and the South American republics have long vied with the United States in possessing attractive issues; indeed, comparatively small countries very frequently seem to

oblong rectangles, 29 by 23½ mm. The series is described in detail by Mr. J. W. Palmer, the well-known stamp merchant, of 281, Strand, as follows—1-cent (light brown, centre black), Dyak; 2-cents (carmine, centre black), stag; 3-cents (violet, centre olive-green), palm-tree; 5-cents (vermilion, centre black), the Argus pheasant (which is indigenous to Borneo); 6-cents (brown, centre black), arms and shield; 8-cents (lilac, centre black), vessel at sea; 12-cents (blue, centre black),



have a special pride in their stamp issues. This, at least, is the case with the State of North Borneo, which has issued the beautiful series of stamps reproduced here on three times their actual scale. Borneo, as every schoolboy knows, is a large island of the Malay Archipelago, divided into various States, and owned by different countries. Holland claims nearly three-fourths of the total area, occupying the south, east, and west of the island. On the north-west is the State of Sarawak, which is owned by Sir Charles Brooke, who governs it as Rajah, and who was widely noticed on the occasion of his recent visit to this country. The stamp issue of Sarawak is a very well-executed one, but it is not so attractive as that of North Borneo. This is the territory occupying the northern part of the island. Like Sarawak, it is not a British dependency, though both possessions are under British protection. North Borneo is the property of an English trading company, to which it was ceded by the sultans of the two native States, Brunei and Sulu. The cession was confirmed by Royal Charter in 1881, and in 1888 it and Sarawak were placed under British protection. The territory of the company is administered by a Governor in Borneo—appointed subject to the approval of the Secretary of State—and a Board of Directors in London, appointed under the charter. The Government

crocodile; 18-cents (dark green, centre black), fortress and rock; 24-cents (brown lake, centre blue), arms, with supporters. The other values—namely, 25 cents, 50 cents, one, two, five, and ten dollars—are of the same design as those which have been lately in circulation, the new designation of the colony being given, "State of North Borneo," in place of the former appellation, "British North Borneo." A new value, twenty-five dollars, has also been added, but this stamp is only available for revenue purposes.

Touching stamps, Messrs. Theodor Buhl and Co. write us as follows: "We have had sent to us a cutting from your paper about the collecting of a million English stamps. We buy many millions of these in the course of the year, but our price is £2 per million, not the £5 which you mention. We do not buy these in quantities of less than 100,000 at a



time. We do not know how our correspondents collect them, but the same people constantly send us many hundreds of thousands, so that the getting them together is evidently not such a matter of years as your paragraph would lead one to suppose. We may add that we dispose of these in bulk to Continental dealers, who, we believe, use them to make up cheap packets, or perhaps go through them on the chance of finding something rare."

OLD VALENTINES.

With Illustrative Examples from the Collection of C. Van Noorden.

No one with any regard for the picturesque popular customs of England can have watched the gradual decadence of the old-fashioned valentine without some feeling of regret. The pretty little painted missive which, fifty years ago, created so much flutter and excitement among the village youth has become well-nigh if not entirely extinct, for the grotesque and often inartistic caricature which has superseded it, whose mission is only to irritate, offend, or ridicule, cannot be regarded as anything but an abuse of the genuine valentine.

It must by this time be pretty evident to all that the great changes recently wrought among country-folk, and among children in particular, have not invariably been in the direction of an artistic advancement. The spread of popular education, the development of the railway network over the surface of the country, and the other marks of advancing civilisation of which we proudly boast have had the unfortunate effect of causing us to regard the fashions of our grandfathers' days with an indifference which is wholly unjustifiable. It may be questioned, too, whether our modern methods of amusement possess half the reality and life of the honest enjoyment of the May-pole dancers and the merry-makers around the Christmas fireside in past generations.

The customs popularly associated with the Fourteenth of February have the distinction conferred by a very respectable antiquity. The Lupercalia—yearly festivals celebrated by

the ancient Romans in honour of the god Pan—are supposed, upon very reasonable grounds, to have given birth to them. One part of those ancient ceremonies was to place the names of young women in a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The festivals were occasions of considerable license among the Romans, and the drawing of names promiscuously appears to have been merely a convenient method

of providing partners for such as were desirous of companionship in the revels. The drawing of valentines continued in fashion for many centuries, and "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1676 distinctly refers to it in the following lines—

Now Andrew, Anthony,
and William
For valentines draw
Prue, Kate, Julian.

How it was that St. Valentine, the priest who was martyred at Rome about A.D. 270, came to be associated with this great festival of lovers is a question which has given rise to a good deal of entirely gratuitous speculation. The simple but sufficient reason is probably to be found in the fact that that was the date of the saint's martyrdom.

The poets in all ages have celebrated the praises of the valentine by more or less appreciative references. In the "snatches of old tunes" to which poor Ophelia gave utterance in her madness we have a picture of the custom, prevalent in the time of the immortal bard, of lasses going out to seek for mates at this season of the year—

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's
Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine.

From the fact that Orlando, in "As You Like It," is described as having written odes and





poetical effusions in the praise of the fair Rosalind, and as having hung them on the branches of the hawthorns and brambles in the hope of attracting her notice, it is probable that valentines were written and exchanged by the youth of Shakspeare's day, as we learn from the quaint entries of Pepys was the fashion at a later period. The old diarist complains in a very amusing fashion of the expenses to which he was put by being chosen his wife's valentine, and of the costly presents he would be compelled to give her in acknowledgment of the honour of being chosen.



One writer says: "The prime purpose of the valentine is to awaken a conviction of the reality of love and the existence of constancy; to arouse curiosity; to bespeak interest; to originate a play of sentiment and an attitude of mind favourable to reciprocity." This may be true enough, but the old valentine writers, who probably cared little for precise definitions, generally expressed their thoughts in terms which left no doubt as to their meaning. Here is a typical example—

Faithful as the turtle dove
I would be to thee, my love;
And if aught could fonder be
That I'd prove myself to thee.
Let me, dearest: then be mine,
And thou my own true valentine.

For the convenience of those who sent autograph valentines, sheets





SOMETHING LIKE A VALENTINE



of paper, with embossed or perforated borders, were sold, and books of valentine-verses were published to assist them in their poetical addresses. The great majority of valentines, however, appear to have been adorned with some sort of pictorial decoration, and with printed verses which often bore a direct reference to it. Thus—

As the painted flower shows
But half the beauties of the rose,
So for you my heart conceals
Thrice the love my tongue reveals.

The village church spire was constantly figured in the early illustrated valentine, in token, doubtless, of the writer's desire to accompany the fair recipient ultimately to the altar of matrimony. Many of the early examples were adorned with artistic sketches and ornamentation of considerable merit, and occasionally the matter of the verses was good and very prettily expressed; but in most examples, especially such as are of recent date and cheap manufacture, the lines are mere doggerel and the illustrations rough wood-engravings, coloured by hand in the crudest fashion.

G. C.



Oh! sweetest and dearest, I dwell on the thought,
Thy name to my spirit each moment is brought;
And in day dreams of bliss, oh! believe me 'tis true,
My fond heart beats constant—alone love for you.



PUBLISHED BY A. PARK, 47, LONDON STREET, LONDON.

Arise my love, the village spire
Reflects Aurora's purple fire,
Along the lawn or through the grove,
The universal theme is love:
And every creature fruit and flower,
Exalting owns the genial hour,
While on the rosiest banks we stray,
Do lovers light pinions fly the day,
Sweet hope—and all her nymphs combine
To name thee for my Valentine.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS KATE RORKE.

Being hitherto only a devoted admirer of this delightful actress from the reverential distance of the stalls, I was charmed (writes a *Sketch* representative) to receive her courteous consent to a request for a few moments' chat in the form of an interview.

So one afternoon I duly rang at the unobtrusive doorway in the St. John's Wood Road, and was ushered across the spacious courtyard into the fine house, once the home of another famous dramatic light—Mr. Arthur Pinero.

A smiling maid informing me that her mistress would be with me in a few moments, I was left in "my lady's bower," free to indulge



Photo by Boning and Small, Baker Street, W.

MISS RORKE IN "ALL FOR HER."

a Cuvier-like propensity for constructing a suppositious entity, and inferring characteristic tastes from surroundings, in which the artistic disposal of *bibelots*, the alluring aspect of the grand piano—open, with a favourite song of Tosti's on it—a half-cut French novel, the paper-knife marking where it had just been read, and glorious bunches of flowers in big bronze bowls, casting forth strong fragrance in the glow of a roaring fire, in delicious contrast to the dreary rawness without, made a most feminine and reposeful atmosphere, as I sank into the Sleepy Hollow of a luxurious arm-chair, awaiting Miss Rorke with keen expectancy—a sensation soon gratified, as a grand voice inquired gently at my elbow, "Have you been waiting long?" and turning round, I saw the subject of my meditations beside me.

With a slight smile for my unaffected start of surprise at a fawn-like soft-footedness, reminding me of Miss Ellen Terry, who also steals about noiselessly like a wraith—or a sunbeam, to use a more apposite and cheerful simile—Miss Rorke continued apologetically, "Pray forgive me for keeping you waiting. I have been rushing all over town like a mad woman, hunting up a doctor for a relative who is seriously ill," and as she unloosed her cloak and rang for tea she said rather wearily, "I've been to Harley Street and back again in half an hour to Dr. —," naming a well-known throat specialist.

"I hope you never consult him on your own account?"

"Oh, yes, often; in fact, he forbade my playing at all for three months. This was just before the revival of 'Diplomacy.' He told me to take a complete rest. I simply replied, 'I must play—I must'" (with emphasis)

"And then?"

"Well, probably realising the trite adage, '*Ce que femme veut, et cetera, et cetera*,' he shrugged his shoulders and said I should be very dangerously ill. I acted in spite of this warning, and, strangely enough, my voice got stronger every night."

"Did you take special precautions?"

"Oh, no; nothing whatever beyond saving my voice as much as possible, in which I am an adept as a pupil of Behnke's. What a loss to the profession that man's death was! I went to him to study voice production quite by accident." One morning I was reading 'Imogen' with Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and thoroughly enjoying myself, when she suddenly stopped me. 'My dear,' she said gravely, 'you are listening to the sound of your own voice. This is one of the worse faults an actress can have.' I also had a bad trick of gasping, so I went to Behnke, and in a few weeks I was completely cured of failings to which actresses of emotional parts are rather prone."

"Such being your favourites, of course?"

"Yes; I always feel at home in strong situations, and positively revel in harrowing scenes, though one of my greatest successes in America was in low comedy, almost pure farce."

"Are you meditating another flight over the herring-pond, Miss Rorke?"

"No; not just at present—I'm going to stay with Mr. Hare a little longer. Some time ago, having acquired the American rights of 'Sowing the Wind,' I was sorely tempted to take a jaunt over there, for I had a very fine offer. I don't like my part in the 'Old Jew' at all," she added, with a comical little grimace. "Although the author is one of my greatest friends, he has never yet contrived to write me a nice part. But, then, I am so often dissatisfied with myself, and once I made a complete failure."

"And that was?"

"As Lady Bountiful. The actress is not yet born who could adequately represent her—a cold, repellent nature, utterly foreign to me," and gazing reflectively into the fire she said, with an ingenuous frankness, showing she is her own severest critic, "And there was the first act of 'Diplomacy'—I could never please myself there. In the original Dora has a grand scene, when she throws Stranière's bouquet in his face in the ball-room, while in the English she merely describes the episode, and it always seemed to me to fall flat—very flat."

A confession sounding oddly in my ears, remembering, as I did, some who had been moved well-nigh to tears by the restrained pathos of Miss Rorke's denunciation of the Count's infamous wooing, so, declining to discuss this aspect of the case, I faltered a dubious question—whether the scene was cut on account of Mrs. Grundy.

"Oh, no! Mrs. Grundy is *dead*—she died long ago, didn't she?" was the joyous reminder, amid a silvery ripple of infectious laughter. "No; I fancy it was because Sardou's acts were so drawn out. 'Caste' is a delightful piece; I play Esther, and Miss May Harvey, who is comparatively new to London, Polly Eccles."



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

AS PAMELA IN "JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART."



MISS KATE RORKE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

"The Garrick company appeared recently, by command, at Balmoral, did they not?"

"Yes; we had that honour. Here is the bangle the Queen gave me," and Miss Rorke holds out a dainty bangle, with a shamrock in rubies and diamonds. "Perhaps the shamrock was considered a little compliment to my name, which sounds Irish; if so, it is one I cannot honestly appropriate, as I am not an Irishwoman. I wasn't half as nervous as I expected. This, I think, was owing to a special circumstance, which was that, while we had all come up to Ballater, and were waiting for our summons to appear before her Majesty and her guests in 'Diplomacy,' a message came from the Queen inviting the company to witness the royal performance of 'A Scrap of Paper.' Mrs. Bancroft was, unfortunately, still too unwell from the effects of her carriage accident to take advantage of the invitation, but Lady Monekton, luckily, was able to go, and I went with her. It was a most interesting performance; the royal players (among whom were Princess Beatrice

but just then came a royal command saying we were not to make any alteration in our attire.

"We were again presented to her Majesty, who said most kind and complimentary things to us all, and also to the Empress Eugénie, who was pleased to tell me she had been much moved by my acting. She also told me she had not seen a play for five-and-twenty years. Not the least memorable incident of the occasion to me was my conversation with this celebrated and unfortunate lady."

"And now, Miss Rorke, will you give me some photographs, and I won't weary you with any more inquisitorial questions?"

"With pleasure; choose for yourself," she replied, opening a large portfolio. I had some difficulty in making a selection, after all. Not one seemed to do justice to the mobile, delicate features, the sensitive mouth, and the wistful, dark-grey eyes, with their ever-varying expression, refined charms which are rather obliterated than heightened by the "glamour of the footlights."

Soon after, I left, carrying with me pleasant recollections of a slight, girlish presence, and a haunting, low, sweet voice, that "very excellent thing in woman," and giving full adherence to the opinion expressed by another queen regnant of the stage, that Miss Kate Rorke is "sunshine itself."

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

The Poulterers' Medley.

During a recent visit to Paris I was much struck by the extraordinary mixture of things edible and inedible in the poulterers' shops. Often at Leadenhall Market and at the other poultry shops in London one lights upon queer specimens, but in Paris they are, fortunately, far ahead of us in this respect. For example, in the big Central Market of Paris I found one little stall in which the usual forms of game, such as partridges and hares, were few, and relegated to the background, the brave show in front consisting of a heron, a fox, a badger, and a couple of green woodpeckers. "Do they eat these things in Paris?" I asked the man. He shrugged his shoulders. "They buy them," was the only answer he vouchsafed. Possibly, foxes and badgers may play a more important part in the French *cuisine* than one at first suspects, and certainly woodpeckers' tongues would be at least as satisfactory as the historical dish of nightingales' tongues. Thrushes, of course, are very largely eaten in France, as larks are with us, and in some parts of the Mediterranean vast numbers of cuckoos are shot and brought into the market. I do not particularly fancy badger myself, but I am far too cosmopolitan in my education to refuse to try it if I had the chance.

Cab Horses' Feet.

As a good deal has been lately said and written about the cruelty of driving lame horses, especially in the streets of London, I think, as I have had opportunities, denied to most persons, of studying the question of lameness, that I cannot do better than call attention to one or two very important points. First of all, we shall do well to remember that it is not always the horse that "goes the lamest" who is really in the worst way. A horse may be slightly strained in the shoulder, fetlock, or elsewhere, and go exceedingly lame for a time, but after a short rest may be again quite fit, whereas some of the most serious defects are far less noticeable and most insidious—affections of the feet, for example, such as navicular disease and laminitis, commonly called "fever in the feet." The detection of these needs a sharper eye. A horse suffering from navicular makes constant efforts to take all pressure off the heels—he really goes upon his toes; whereas in laminitis exactly the reverse is true. A horse then tries to keep his toes altogether off the ground, throwing all his weight upon the heel. If in this latter case the hand be placed upon the hoof a considerable degree of heat will be noticed. In this form of complaint the soles of the foot grow downwards and become convex, and shoeing is a serious and difficult matter. I consider that absolute rest is all important in such cases, and I have known a horse become quite sound again after a six months' rest at grass. But this is very far from being always so. And in London, where, owing to hard paving, such cases are only too common, a horse is often subjected to the operation known as neurotomy. In this a section of the principal nerve is removed just above the fetlock. The animal is not cured, only he loses all sensation in the foot. The disease, however, may go on until the hoof drops off altogether, and the creature must be shot.

I wish someone would tell me this. It is a fish, of course, *What Exactly is the Sewin?* and a Welsh fish, for every sporting Welshman one comes across cracks up the qualities of his sewin, or sewen. It is evidently some sort of trout or salmon, but whether

a white trout or bull trout none of them can tell me, nor yet whether it is just a grilse. From what they say, I suspect it is just a white or sea trout. It may be a variety—a hybrid, perhaps. When one considers how very easily some of the *Salmonide* hybridise, it is not a little curious that one does not more often catch intermediate forms. Perhaps one does, but fails to notice them; for example, here in England the introduced *Salmo fontinalis* (or American trout) pairs commonly with our brown trout, and I believe with the Loch Leven trout also. Members of the carp family, and also of the roach and rudd, will intermix. It is a curious question, this, of the tendency to cross shown by certain creatures and not by others.



Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

MISS RORKE AS MRS. RENSHAW.

and Princess Aribert of Anhalt) laboured under great disadvantages, having learnt and rehearsed the play in a single week. Nevertheless, they acted wonderfully well, and the piece was very ably stage-managed by the Hon. Alec Yorke, who also took part. Princess Beatrice did not attempt Mrs. Kendal's great part (which was given to the Hon. Mary Hughes); she was the *ingénue*. Princess Aribert played the wife.

"After the performance we were presented to her Majesty, and also invited to the royal supper-table. Everyone was so kind and gracious that I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. I remember when I had dancing lessons I used to consider the presentation curtsies an intolerable nuisance and a great waste of time; I never thought they would be of the least use to me. Her Majesty gave an instance of her extraordinary memory in asking most kindly after my aunt, Mrs. Mellon, the actress; she wished to know if she was still living, and added that she remembered Mrs. Mellon appearing before her and the Prince Consort frequently in former years. I had the temerity to say that I was considered very like my aunt; but the Queen did not at all share this opinion. On the eventful night everything went splendidly, though Mr. Hare and Mr. Bancroft did render me rather uncomfortable by telling me that everything depended on the ending of the third act. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, by-the-way, were most helpful and encouraging to me in their criticisms on my rendering of Dora throughout the run of 'Diplomacy.' Among the audience at Balmoral was the Empress Eugénie, who showed the liveliest interest, frequently exclaiming, 'Oh, the poor child! *Ah, la pauvre petite!*' and such expressions of sympathy for poor Dora. When the curtain fell, Mr. Hare gave us exactly ten minutes to change into evening dress;

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The title of Baronet which the Queen has just conferred upon Mr. Burne-Jones is one which everybody will acknowledge to be rightly deserved. It is, indeed, well that the nation should recognise in some public manner the genius of those who contribute to raising its artistic reputation in the world. That Mr. Burne-Jones has accomplished this

which are beyond all questioning. That he is detailed and careful down to the last vein of a leaf, to the last hair of a woman's head; are precisely qualities in that scheme of decoration which Mr. Burne-Jones has set out to realise for himself. It is absurd to say that, because he has not the Whistlerian, and, as it may be called, the summarily inspired



XARIFA.—LEONARD WYBURD.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

feat there is none who would well deny. We who admire Mr. Whistler as heartily as it is possible to admire "this side of adoration" can nevertheless discover a singular admiration for the artist who probably understands Mr. Whistler scarcely at all.

It is certain also that Mr. Whistler does not understand Mr. Burne-Jones, who, however, has qualities of dignity and decorative grace



A PORTRAIT.—WILLIAM CROOKE.

Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.

way of looking at things, he is, therefore, no artist. It is to take your artistic standpoint for granted without proof to propound such a conclusion.

The two artists, then, may surely dwell in peace together on the same planet, and we may rejoice over the honour that is conferred upon either of them. The battle of Pre-Raphaelitism has not, after all, been a very



BLONDE.—E. DE BLAAS.

Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket.



MEDITATION.—H. MERLE.

Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket.



LOCH MORAR, INVERNESS.—DOUGLAS ADAMS.

Exhibited at the Galleries of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall.

stiff one. The world quickly fell into or out of the ranks of the sect, and has gone on in very much the same way ever since. Among the pioneers of those new-old doctrines Mr. Burne-Jones has been one of the most eminent, and he has deserved his material as well as his artistic success.

It may be devoutly wished that the recent Mansion House meeting to excite some zeal for the British section of the forthcoming Antwerp Exhibition will have some praiseworthy effect. This country, as "Atlas" points out in the *World*, has not the slightest chance of competing with Russia or Germany on such an occasion, since, as invariably happens, our Government refuses any adequate Government grant, while these two Governments do so far encourage their native art as to show, at all events, some considerable appreciation by adequate and substantial grants. This is, of course, a thousand pities, since such powerful competitors cannot fail to exercise a prejudicial effect when they come in their thousands over our poor hundreds. In such exhibitions it is quantity that counts, and quantity is the one thing that a parsimonious Government refuses to us.



GLEN CARR, KERRY.—DOUGLAS ADAMS.

Exhibited at the Galleries of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall.



AMONG THE TWELVE PINS, CONNEMARA.—DOUGLAS ADAMS.

Exhibited at the Galleries of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall.

As successor to the late Mr. Edward Stanhope in the position of Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, Lord Dillon will prove a very satisfactory appointment. Lord Dillon has long been known for his intimate and accurate knowledge of the development of the art of portraiture. He is one of the most familiar frequenters of "private views."

We have heard very little of late about the wonderful Exhibition of Christian Art which Cardinal Vaughan was bent upon organising some little time ago. One heard vaguely that he had captured a stray genius or two from England and the Continent, who were busy turning out canvases of martyrdoms and other sacred reminiscences, and that one genius had since left England with threats and indignation. One was made dimly aware that Mr. C. Gatty had undertaken some responsible position in regard to the scheme. And now we hear no mention of the great proposal. Cardinal Vaughan must really not get into a habit of thus disappointing expectation.

The refusal of Mr. Watts, R.A., to accept the dignity which Mr. Burne-Jones has felt himself honoured by accepting is a personal matter between Mr. Watts and those who have singled him out for honour. For, assuredly, Mr. Watts deserves to be distinguished in some such manner. He has achieved by his art a success both artistic and popular that must be always memorable; his allegories, which have been painted now some years, are as beautiful and noble in conception as they are stately and dignified in execution, while his portraiture and in particular his realisation of child-life are among the rememberable things of a contemporary world.

The article by Mr. Walter Armstrong in the current *Fortnightly Review* adds yet another stock of information to our general knowledge of Rembrandt, his works, and his life. Yet, we are not sure that we have not been more or less intimately acquainted with it all before. That strange figure of the genuine artist, ever striving more and more after

progress, with the mere trivialities of daily life coming to him or falling from him as he plied heedlessly on, has a prominence that no additional information can correct and that no correction can diminish. Still, it is pleasant to read Mr. Armstrong's string of facts and occasional fancies. It revives one's admiration for and attachment to an artist who ranks among the few human beings that have triumphantly rebutted a charge of their own superfluity.

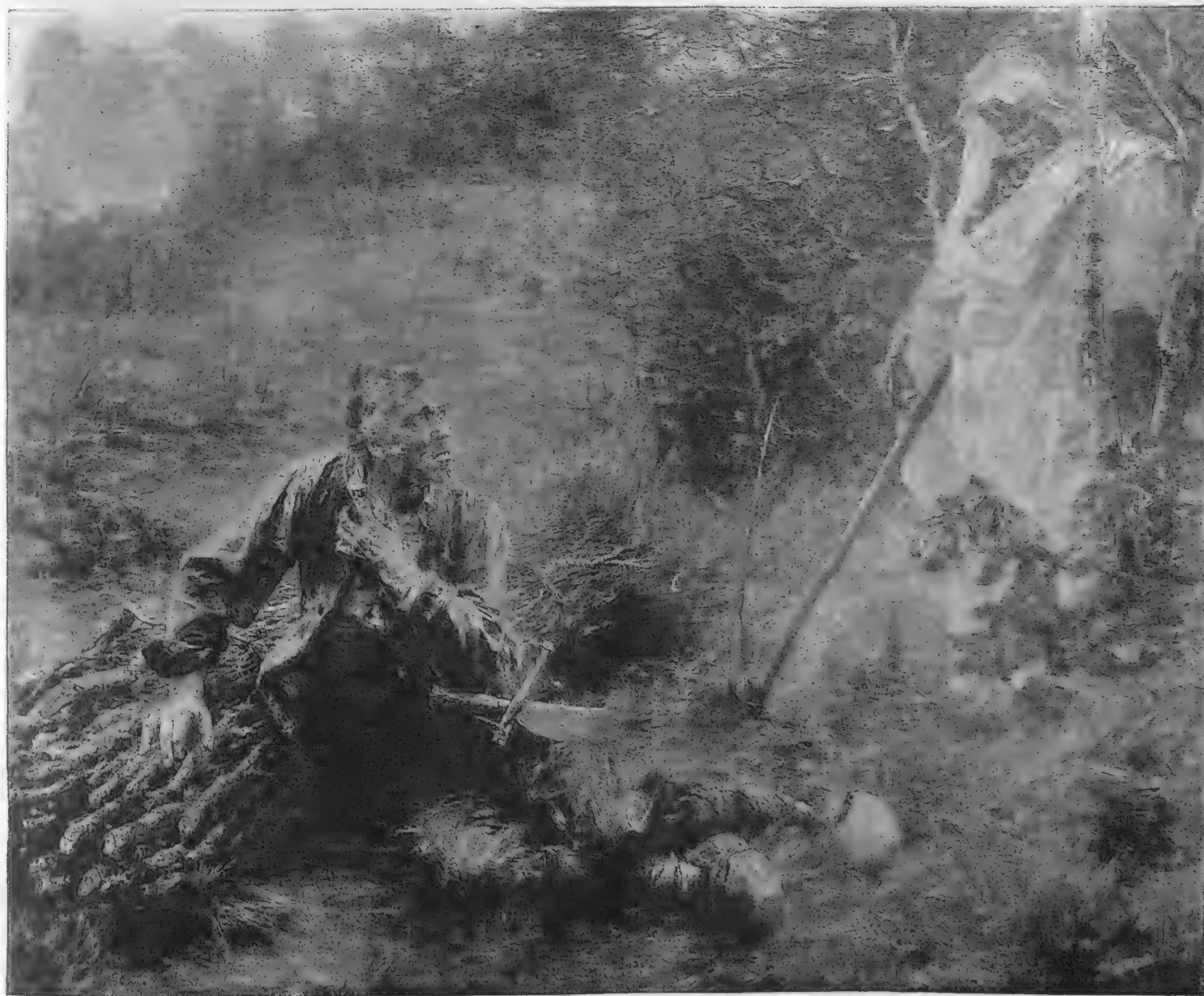
One of the most distinguished amateur artists of the reign was Louisa Marchioness of Waterford, and from Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's book, "The Story of Two Noble Lives" (George Allen), one gets an admiration for her literary skill as well. Yet, it seems a pity that the momentous events in the lives of Charlotte Countess Canning and Lady Waterford did not suffer a little condensation, for three volumes of biography become tedious. There are some admirable illustrations, including reproductions of rough sketches from Lady Waterford's note-book.

Probably by this time a good many readers of *The Sketch* have perused Lewis Carroll's last volume, "Sylvia and Bruno, Concluded" (Macmillan). Excellent as are most of the forty-six illustrations therein, by Harry Furniss, they lack the delightful distinction of Sir John Tenniel's sketches to the first "Alice." Somehow or other, with all Mr. Furniss's skill, there is not much humour in his illustrations. The author in his whimsical and sensible preface calls special attention to the artist's "little birds" borders, saying, "The way in which he has managed to introduce the most minute details of the stanzas to be illustrated seems to me a triumph of artistic ingenuity," and most people will agree with him in this generous tribute. It is eight years since Mr. Furniss began the illustrations, it is interesting to note.

A good deal of attention is being directed, as is only fitting, to the work of Mr. Watts. One of his latest appreciators is Mrs. L. T. Meade, who has written two articles in the *Sunday Magazine*. Mr. Watts's scheme of colour can never be done full justice to in ordinary process-illustrations, and this is particularly the case with his splendid picture of "Death, the Consoler." During the winter he carries on most of his work in the charming house he has built for himself on the Hog's Back, near Guildford. The ceiling of some of the rooms is sculptured in plaster in curious imagery by Mrs. Watts. Over the door, for instance, she has placed the design of a rose in the olden style, which has given us the phrase "*sub rosa*."



KERSEY, SUFFOLK.—BLANDFORD FLETCHER.
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries, Haymarket.



LA MORT ET LE BÛCHERON.—L. A. LHERMITTE.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



PUERTA DEL SOL, TOLEDO.—A. WALLACE RIMINGTON.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.



CHURCH DOOR. NOYA.—A. WALLACE RIMINGTON.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.



GATE OF SANTA MARIA, BURGOS.—A. WALLACE RIMINGTON.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.



LA GIRALDA, SEVILLE.—A. WALLACE RIMINGTON.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SIR PETER YOUNG : "How are you, my Lord?"

LORD OLDCASTLE : "Oh! just recovering from gout."

SIR PETER : "Thank goodness! nothing more than headaches ever troubles me."

LORD OLDCASTLE : "Quite so; our weakest parts give way first."



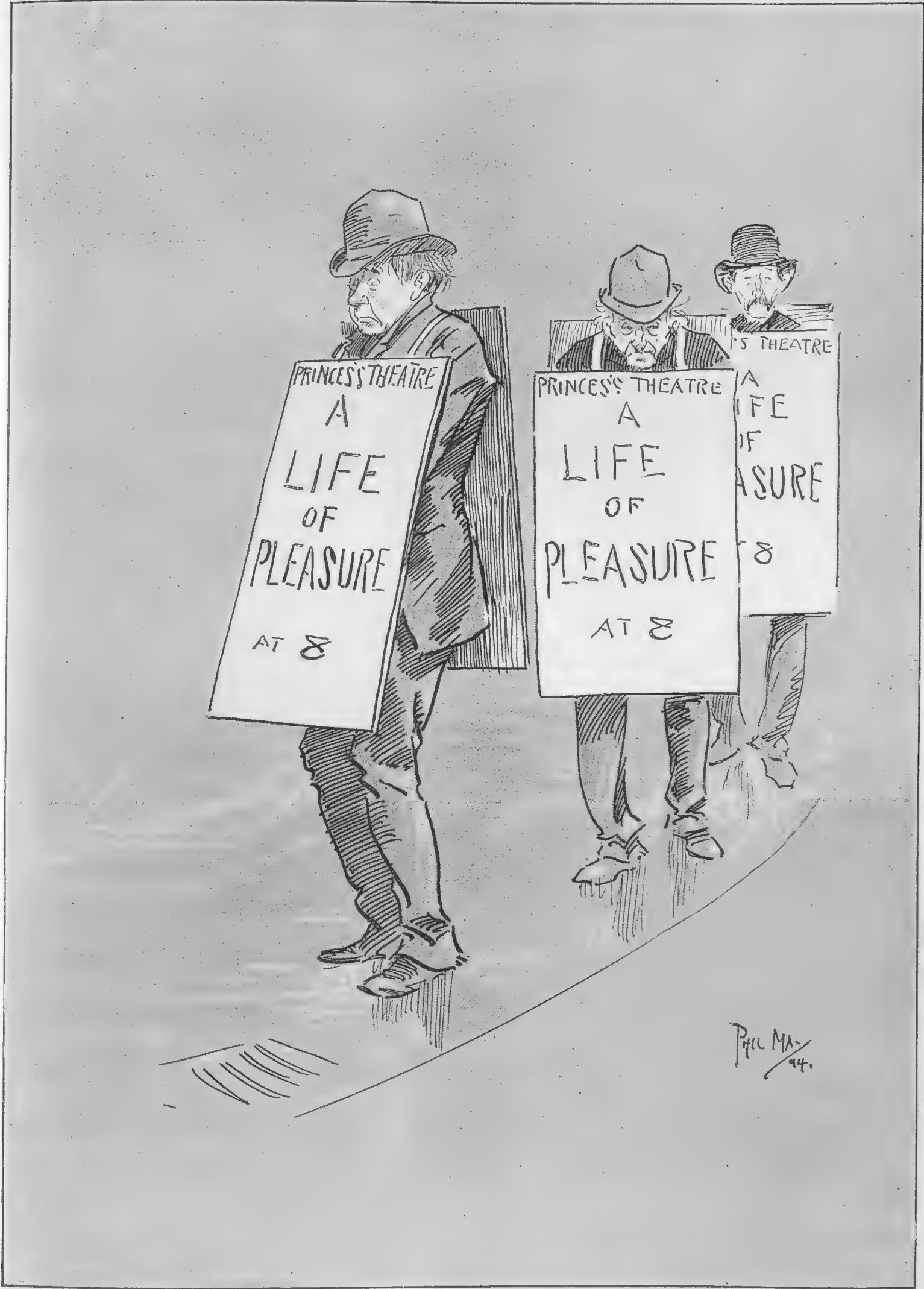
ORPHEUS.



TYPES OF SPORTSMEN.—No. I.
'ARRY: "I guess that stung the beggar up!"



"MR. CHAIRMAN."



THE IRONY OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE GENTLEMAN BONNET-MAKER.

I found him sitting all alone in a charming atelier, making a white velvet bonnet. He had edged the brim with jet sequins, and he was pausing for a moment in doubt as to whether he should poise a large jet butterfly in front or at the back. "It looks very well either way," he said, raising his brown eyes to mine.

He was a good-looking young man, with a curly fringe, a soft voice, and a slight expression of sadness. His dress was neatness itself, and he looked quite capable of making a bonnet, and almost as if he would like to wear one. He *did* try on a hat before I left, to show me how the rose under the brim ought to rest on the hair, and he did not look ridiculous in it, but nice. I reflected how happy this young man would be in fancy costume, and thought how unkind it was of Fate to have placed him in a prosaic century in which he could not exercise his taste in dress. In the times of the Cavaliers he would have been happy, with a plumed hat, a silken doublet, and ruffles of old lace.

I had been trying to find the Gentleman Bonnet-Maker for some time. A literary friend of mine had said to me a little time before at the theatre, "By-the-by, I wish you would go and see a friend of mine—a boy who has set up a bonnet-shop." He had then started off for Egypt, and forgotten to send me the address, but I reflected that there could not be many gentleman bonnet-makers in London, and that I should be able to unearth him sooner or later. And it was not long before I found my way to Messrs. Morgan and Co., who have hired a spacious drawing-room at 435, Oxford Street, not far from Morris's.

The Gentleman Bonnet-Maker received me with all possible civility. He put down the bonnet he was making, and showed me his new models one after the other—a new Tam o' Shanter, a Napoleon hat, a toque. I admired the good taste displayed in these productions; the bonnets were decidedly *chic*, and such as a lady would wear. Perhaps they were a trifle heraldic, but they were never unmeaning or overdone. There was boldness in the way the feathers were placed; if five feathers were used, you could count them—they were not all muddled up together in a mass. And none of the models could be called dear; there were several at twenty-five or thirty-five shillings, and one even at fifteen. One bonnet was in black velvet, edged with a peculiar kind of sequin trimming which had a mossy effect, two "brushes," made of shaded spun-glass, rose at either side of the brim, kept in place by a tight little rosette of turquoise velvet. Another charming production was a black and lime-green velvet toque, with a brush of white osprey in front.

"That is an order," said the young man, looking at it proudly; "I like it better than anything else I have done."

"It is wonderful that you should be able to make bonnets," said I. "How did you know you could do it?"

"Oh, I always used to make them for my sisters," said the young man. "I suppose I had a natural turn for it, and they always used to consult me about their dresses. I remember making a skirt for my sister once; it was set all the way round in pleats. Do you remember when those skirts were worn? She wanted something new for a garden party, and we went out together and bought some pink *crêpon*, and I came home and set to work at it, and ran up the skirt in a day."

"But you don't really sew yourself?"

"Yes, I do. I work with a thimble."

"But how did you become professional? Were you brought up for some other profession?"

"Oh, that happened this way: my father suddenly lost all his money, and I had to go in for something; so I apprenticed myself to Russell and Allen's. I thought that was the best thing to do, as I had a taste for millinery. I had a room to myself most of the time, and used to design dresses, and so on. I was there for nearly five years. Mr. Arthur Coke and I have gone into partnership here, and we hope to make it a success. Mr. Coke does all the financial part of the business, and is much the best salesman of the two. I hope you will be able to see him; he is out on business now."

"I hope he will come back before I go," said I.

"Oh, I am sure you will see him if I can keep you long enough," said the young man, politely.

Just then I heard the sound of footsteps running up the stairs. "That is Arthur," said Mr. Morgan, and the other young man came in. A smart young man, with the very longest and fullest frock-coat which has yet visited the glimpses of the moon, and the most bulging tie, a nice, good-tempered face, and plenty to say for himself—this is Mr. Arthur Coke. He thanked me for coming, and I told him how well I had been entertained in his absence. "And I am really delighted with the bonnets," I added; "your partner is extremely clever."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Coke, quickly; "he understands his business thoroughly."

The other young man turned a pathetic glance on his partner. "Arthur," he said, "you have never praised me before!" (Just so have I often seen an amiable and unappreciated wife receive a word of approbation from her husband.)

"Oh, I have," said Mr. Coke, laughing; "you know I always like your work."

"And you have not noticed this," added the young man, plaintively, holding up the half-completed white velvet bonnet.

"Oh, I have seen one just like it before," said Mr. Coke.

"No; you have not," said the young man, quietly; "that was a different shape."

"Well, the fact is I am more interested in the gowns than in the bonnets," Mr. Coke admitted, "though I admire Mr. Morgan's work very much. People won't believe he really makes them himself; but he does. We have a girl to sew, but the only thing that she does is to put in the linings."

"Why don't you have a wax model to try your bonnets on?" I asked. "No one can judge of a bonnet in the hand. You would find a dummy very useful."

The Gentleman Bonnet-Maker turned up his eyes.

"I should not like to see my bonnets on a dummy."

"The young lady tries them on when we have a customer," explained Mr. Coke. "We call her in, and she puts them on; but we never allow her to speak."

"Really?"

"No—never. We want to get out of the ordinary groove. You know how most ladies are worried by the vulgar milliner girl, who says, 'I am sure that will suit you beautifully, Madame,' when, perhaps, the lady looks a fright in the bonnet. We will have nothing of that kind here. We want ladies to wear what suits them, and we would rather they went away without buying anything than that they got anything that did not suit them."

"How did you come to think of setting up in business, Mr. Coke?" I used to think you were a kind of butterfly, always flying about in society."

"Well, I have been round a good deal—I have seen most things; but one gets tired, you know. My father is in Sassoon's, and I was there five years, but I found I really spent more than I made, and I thought I would set up in business for myself. I happened to come across Mr. Morgan here, and found he was thinking of the same thing, and we set up together last November as Morgan and Co., a fortnight after we had first met."

"Only a fortnight to get ready in? Sharp work!"

"I believe in striking the iron while it is hot," said Mr. Coke. "I sent out the circulars and managed the business part, and he made enough bonnets to dress the room with, and we set up straight away. You see, the great point is that we do all our work ourselves."

"All the work? You don't sew?"

"I can sew," said Mr. Coke, with modest pride, "but not with a thimble like Harry. I design a good deal, however, chiefly in the dress department, and I do all the business part."

"We wait on ladies if they require it," said the other partner. "Arthur went over to Evelyn Gardens yesterday morning and sold a lot of things. The boy went with the bonnets the night before, and Arthur called on the ladies next day to see what they liked. They wanted the same things in different colours, and he talked it over with them and took the order."

"We can't bear ladies to get what doesn't suit them," said Mr. Coke, "and we always like to see a dress on after it is finished. The lady comes here, or one of us goes to her if she prefers it. We have a separate room here for the fitting, and lady fitters, of course. We two work very happily together, and if all our workpeople left to-morrow we could do everything ourselves."

"Which of you is it that the *Pall Mall* alluded to as a blue-blooded scion of aristocracy?" I asked.

"Oh, that is Arthur," replied Mr. Morgan, smiling; "he is a member of the Leicester family, you know. We have had some very smart clients, and I hear that there is just a chance of our having a visit from royalty."

"We are always very pleased to show our models," said Mr. Coke. "The more ladies come in the better we are pleased, and we don't want them to buy every time they come. But you will like to see the dresses and mantles."

And here my attention was directed to a beautiful gown in black *crêpe de soie*, with a peplum edged with jet sequins, and a nice little lace bodice, with the drapery cascaded to correspond—capital style and instinct with the simplicity which is the secret of all true elegance.

"This is the newest mantle," said Mr. Coke, slipping it on before the glass, and stepping forward delicately, like Agag.

"Well, I like everything I have seen," I said, preparing to take leave, "and I have enjoyed our little chat very much. I think your bonnets are simply lovely," I added, turning to Mr. Morgan.

"I never admire them myself," replied the Gentleman Bonnet-Maker; "other people may, but I have never yet pleased myself, or really cared for anything I have done."

So I took leave of the Gentleman Bonnet-Maker with the dreamy brown eyes, and his business partner came right down to the hall-door with me, and bid me a cheery good-bye. But the plaintive Bonnet-Maker dwelt a good deal in my mind, and I wondered as I went away up muddy Oxford Street if he would ever realise his ideal. J. H. A.

UNDOUBTEDLY EXAGGERATED.

"Doctor told Mamma the other evening that if I didn't give up wearing fashionable bonnets I'd have neuralgia."

"And so you're going back to the good old comfortable styles?"

"Nonsense, Lena! If people only make up their minds to it, neuralgia isn't such an awful thing."—*Judge*.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



THE GENTLEMAN BONNET-MAKER—"HE DID TRY ON A HAT BEFORE I LEFT."

RETIREMENT OF SIR EDWARD HERTSLET, K.C.B.

Sir Edward Hertslet, Librarian and Keeper of the State Papers at the Foreign Office, has recently come under the rule of retirement at the age of seventy. A representative of *The Sketch* had some conversation with Sir Edward on his birthday.

"Oh, as to my services? Well, I came into the old Foreign Office a lad of sixteen, and for fifty-four years I have been in this department, and thirty-seven years the head of it. I have been under no less than

contemplate with deep regret the loss which this department would sustain by my retirement. But, you see, I must go."

"But you have plenty of work in you yet, Sir Edward?"

"Oh, as fond of it as ever. I am an early riser, and I work all day long, and feel as fit for it as ever. My father lived to be eighty-three, after serving fifty-seven years here."

"And about your books, Sir, am I right in believing you have written, compiled, or edited nearly 200 volumes?"

"Quite true. Yes, and Sir William Harcourt did me the honour to write: 'You are making by your labours the work of posterity comparatively easy.' See, now, to show you how the work of this office has gone on increasing, there is the first volume of the Foreign Office List, a mere pamphlet of sixteen pages, and the latest edition has nearly four hundred pages; but that is a small thing. There (pointing to the shelves) are the 'State Papers,' nearly eighty volumes of them, altogether nearly 100,000 pages. There has been some work in that. It is a Government publication which I compile and edit, full of laws, constitutions, ordinances, territorial and commercial treaties, and also all sorts of international questions down to statesmen's speeches. These papers are foreign as well as British. Each of them is carefully translated into French or English, for many of them would otherwise be comparatively useless."

"What is the special feature of 'Hertslet's Treaties'?"

"Well, it is the only work of the kind published in this country during the present century, and is a careful compilation of all our treaty engagements of every kind. The 'Commercial Treaties' are, perhaps, the most popular, and I have had the thanks of the Corporation of London for 'the great value of this work to those who take an interest in our foreign commerce.' I was encouraged by this compliment to publish a series of volumes on our commercial relations with each separate country, and I have completed those for Austria, China, Italy, Japan, Persia, Spain, and Turkey. I have called these 'Treaties and Tariffs.'"

"And I understand you are also a geographer, Sir Edward?"

"I have been a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society since 1858, and when I found that people were interested in our treaties I conceived the idea of illustrating by a series of maps the way in which Europe had been territorially altered by treaties. That is my 'Map of Europe by Treaty,' and I am glad to say that it has been so welcomed as to induce me to undertake a 'Map of Africa by Treaty,' which I am now, with official sanction, working upon."

"That will be most interesting, and even when you vacate your chair here you will have plenty of active interests, and I wish you could look as far ahead as you can look back."

"Well, when I go I can make plenty of work, and I have always the kind words of my many colleagues to treasure when they wrote to me on my jubilee in 1890 referring to 'the ready kindness which renders all communications with you as pleasant as they are profitable.'"

At that moment the Premier's private secretary was announced—no doubt, to bring some cordial birthday greeting.

AN INTERESTING WEDDING PRESENT.

The gift of the tenantry on the Glenquoich and Invergarry estates, Inverness-shire, on the recent marriage of the Honourable Miss Nellie Bass to Mr. James Evan Bruce Baillie, of Dochfour, is a most appropriate one. For twenty-one years—rather longer than the life of the young bride—Lord Burton has held Glenquoich, and during last season he had the distinction of bringing down a stag with a head of twenty points, certainly the finest specimen killed for many years. The gift, therefore, takes the form of the stag in solid silver, is thirty-six inches in height, has been made by Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, A.R.S.A., and has been



produced by Messrs. James Crichton and Co., silversmiths, Edinburgh. In its construction 300 ounces of silver have been used, the metal being procured from the Duke of Buccleuch's mines at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire.



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

SIR EDWARD HERTSLET.

ten Foreign Secretaries, and have the pleasantest recollections of every one of them—Aberdeen, Palmerston, Granville, Malmesbury, Russell, Clarendon, Derby, Iddesleigh, Salisbury, and Rosebery."

"And about the work of your department?"

"The work is very different now from what it was fifty-four years ago. There were then only two officers in this department, and now we have an only too scrump staff of fourteen. This is not a library in the popular sense, although we have a very large store of printed books upstairs. Here we keep—in the galleries, in all these rooms, and elsewhere—the whole correspondence of the office, and it is our business to master all the details of it and to become familiar with every precedent. Questions on all sorts of our political and commercial relations are continually cropping up, and we have to supply all the information relating to similar circumstances. On historical, geographical, and international questions we have prepared in my time close on 3000 memoranda, some extending over 150 pages, and many of them confidential Cabinet documents. If you want to know anything about wars, blockades, arbitrations, claims, enlistments, marriages, wrecks, and so forth, we can give it you very easily. We have a system of registering and indexing every document, so that we can put our fingers on it at once."

"You must have had a deal of hard work, and I know you have written many books in your home time."

"I have worked hard and systematically, and I have the gratification of knowing that my public work has been fully appreciated by the different Secretaries of State here, by Cabinet Ministers, and many leading politicians. I have received from them letters that were complimentary, and even flattering. When I was made a C.B. in 1874, Lord Granville, writing privately to me, made a strange mistake. He wrote: 'I need hardly say with what pleasure I write to tell you that Mr. Gladstone has obtained the Queen's sanction to his offering you the Commandership (sic) of the Bath.' And upon my further honours both Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury personally wrote me cordial letters. Indeed, the latter went so far as to write to the Treasury that he should

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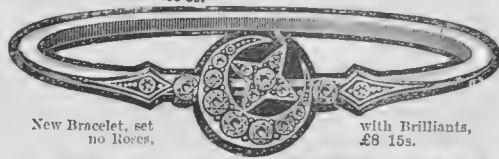
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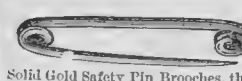
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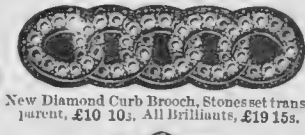
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New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s.; or with Diamond Centre, £6 15s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.



Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35. Bracelet to match, £52 10s.



New Brooch, containing 21 Brilliants and 5 Sapphires or 5 Rubies, £5 5s.

BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS.
 An Assortment of Elegant and Inexpensive Novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents kept in stock. Special Designs and Estimates prepared Free of Charge.

An experienced Assistant sent with a selection of goods if desired.

TELEGRAMS:
"RUSPOLI, LONDON."



New Diamond Mandoline Brooch, Perfect Model, £6 6s.

NOTICE.—We have had so many letters asking whether our Diamonds are real, we hereby beg to state that all our precious stones are real; also all Metals we use. We do not sell or keep Imitation Goods of any sort.

Before buying a Present in Silver Plate please write for our Special List of SILVER GOODS, post free, from 10s. 6d. to 100 Guineas, admitted by the Press to be the most unique and extensive Stock in London.

CAUTION.—The Association of Diamond Merchants regret to have to caution purchasers against inferior imitations of their goods, and beg to notify that their only address is as under:

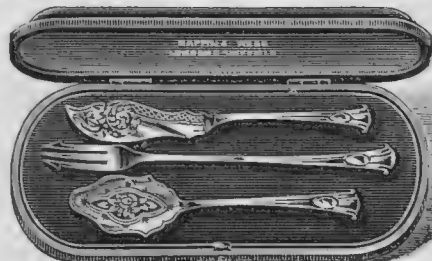
THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS, 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, W.C.
 DIAMOND-CUTTING FACTORY: AMSTERDAM.

Mappin & Webb's

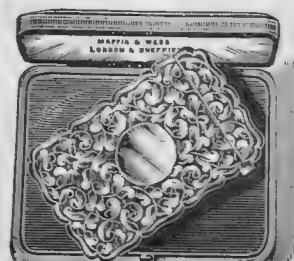
PRESENTS IN STERLING SILVER AND PRINCE'S PLATE. (Regd. 71,552.)



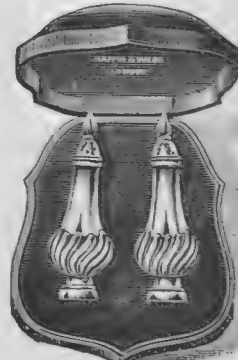
Sterling Silver Salt Cellars and Spoons, in Morocco Case. Case of Four, £2 2 0 | Case of Six, £3 0 0



Registered Design. Jam Spoon, Pickle Fork, and Butter Knife, in case, Prince's Plate, 15s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.



Gentleman's Sterling Silver Card Case, richly Engraved, £1 11s. 6d. Ditto, Plain, £1 7s. Complete in Morocco Cases.



Two Sterling Silver Muffineers, Fluted, in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, complete, £2 5s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in best Morocco Case, £1 13s.



Registered Design. Handsome Plated Sterling Silver "Princess" Sugar Bowl Cream Jug, and Sugar Tongs, in Morocco Case, £2 15s.



Two Sterling Silver "Dot" Muffineers, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £1 2s. 6d.



Registered Design. Six Afternoon Teaspoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, Prince's Plate, £1 8s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.

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Manufactory: **ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.**

(facing the Mansion House.)

EXCESSIVE EATING AND CORPULENCY.

Many medical authorities urge that corpulency is a disease brought on by over-feeding; to an extent they are right, but in the majority of cases this distressing complaint is hereditary. Many persons also gain excessive weight on the most meagre dietary. The fattest man in England eats to our knowledge about one-fourth the quantity of food devoured by many of the lank and lean kind, and yet weighs, we believe, 43 stone. It is a singular fact that stout persons, availing themselves of the Russell treatment, which consists of taking a very pleasant and agreeable sort of tonic, composed of British herbs, invariably have their appetites increased to an extraordinary extent, and yet they may be losing perhaps 8oz. or more of unhealthy adipose matter daily, notwithstanding the increment of food taken. So this rather upsets the learned theories. One fact, we maintain, is worth a thousand theories, and, fortunately for our argument, it is a fact easily demonstrated. Let a person, if he feels inclined, weigh his food for one week roughly, then let him take three doses per diem of the Russell preparation (it is perfectly harmless and wholesome) for the following seven days, also weighing his food. He will find that he has considerably increased the quantity of food while taking the preparation, and at the end of the week, notwithstanding this addition, he will have lost perhaps from 2lb. to 7lb. This is very singular yet true. The scales are hard nuts to crack, they will not bear false testimony for a fee of 100 guineas. There is a very interesting pamphlet entitled, "Corpulency and the Cure," by F. C. Russell, of 27, Store Street, London, W.C., which is sent free to any applicant on receipt of six stamps. It is very comprehensive and interesting to read. The various experiences of some hundreds of persons who have been under this treatment have been published, giving the account of their loss of weight, the effect upon their health, &c., which makes it exceedingly interesting reading, especially for those persons who are fat. His lady patients seem the most gratified, and are profuse in the blessings they shower upon his head, which it is supposed can be attributed to (don't be cross, ladies, we hardly like to write the words) vanity of the sweeter sex.

The following are extracts from other journals:

CURE OF OBESITY.

Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., has long been famous for his remedy for the cure of obesity. Those who suffer from this difficulty will, by sending sixpence to the above address, receive Mr. Russell's pamphlet containing testimonials from a great number of persons who have been benefited by the treatment as well as a recipe for it. It matters not what be the weather or season, those who are troubled suffer equally in hot weather and in cold: in summer they are overburdened by their own weight, in winter bronchial ailments are set up through the least cold, as the air-tubes are not free to act, as they would otherwise do, without the internal obstruction. Mr. Russell undertakes that persons under his treatment should lose one stone a month in weight, and that their health, strength, and activity should be regenerated.—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known popular jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeed only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic troubles which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite is appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an

acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2lb. to 12lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but on the contrary he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has of course never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists', for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only sixpence. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.—*The Million*, Oct. 14, 1893.

CURIOUS EFFECT IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new and orthodox treatment a stout person can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of the comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of 24 hours, having lost probably 2lb. of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a five to ten pound weekly loss is registered until the person approaches his or her normal weight, then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals, and interesting particulars, including the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained from a Mr. Russell, of 27, Store Street, London, W.C., by enclosing sixpence in stamps. We think our readers will do well to call their corpulent friends' attention to this.—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

BOVRIL

IS THE GUARANTEED PRODUCT OF
**PRIME
OX
BEEF**

is **FIFTY TIMES** more
nourishing than ordinary Meat
Extract or home-made Beef Tea,
and has no equal as a
STRENGTHENING & INVIGORATING BEVERAGE.



When used in the preparation of
SOUPS, GRAVIES, ENTRÉES,
ETC.,
the perfection of
APPETISING, NOURISHING,
and
ECONOMIC COOKERY
is achieved.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

And so Yorkshire has again won the Rugby County Championship. Judging from the strength of the opposition, one might almost have written this weeks, if not months, ago, but then one never knows what surprises are in store.

The Midland Counties, although losing to Yorkshire by three tries to nil, made a very fair fight of the final, and it is just possible that had they been at full strength they would have given Yorkshire a much harder fight for it. Although the Tykes have not lost a match this season, I am not convinced that they are overwhelmingly strong. The other interpretation is that the other counties are unaccountably weak. When the Midland Counties, for instance, were in London they did not show form above that of a good second-class team.

The Tykes have now to meet the Rest of England next month, when I shall expect to see the Yorkshiremen beaten.

Talk about surprises. On the morning of the International between England and Ireland it was a hundred to one on another injustice being done to the wearers of the green. The manner in which the English

Scotland by a goal and a try, England ought to beat Scotland by some half-dozen goals. But will they? I think not.

Up to the present the championship of the nations is a nice little problem to work out. Judging by results up to date, Ireland ought to win in a canter. It would be a popular victory if Ireland were to win all her engagements, but that seems almost too much to hope for. I notice that the Irish team to meet Scotland is with one exception—Giffard for Sparrow at full-back—the same that defeated England for the first time on English soil.

It is to be hoped that C. M. Wells will be fit to take his place against Scotland. It was while playing an Association match that the old Dulwich boy and Cantab had his finger injured.

B. Tuke, who assisted Ireland at half-back against England, is a native of Dublin, but was educated at Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, and is at present located near Coventry. He plays regularly at half-back for the Coventry Club, and also assists the Midland Counties. Although he is in his twenty-fourth year, Tuke has already played in several International matches.



W. S. Browne and B. Tuke, half-backs; W. Gardiner, S. Lee, H. Wells, and L. H. Gwynne, three-quarter-backs; W. Sparrow, back; T. Crean, J. H. O'Connor, James Lyttle, C. Rooke, E. J. Forrest (captain), G. Walmsley, John Lyttle, and J. Lindsay, forwards.

THE INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCH: IRELAND'S TEAM.

fifteen had routed Wales puffed us up with the idea that England had seldom or never possessed such a powerful team. When Ireland set to work at Blackheath the "boys" speedily dispelled that notion, for, although Ireland only won by seven points to five, the English team, and especially the forwards, were to all intents and purposes beaten on blades. England never ought to have scored at all.

It was the Irish forwards that won the match. Latterly we have been giving so much attention to the three-quarter backs that we had almost forgotten the necessity for scrummagers at all. Ireland's powerful pack has brought us back to our senses.

And yet, if one comes to examine the English eight, they appear to be a pretty strong lot on paper. There are the four Yorkshiremen—Bradshaw, with the oxen shoulders, Broadley, with the bullet head, Toothill, formed like a battering-ram, Speed, the dashing and speedy, not to mention terrible fellows like Allport, Hall, Tucker, and Soane. Well, it appears that even this lot is not good enough. They can scrummage, but they are poor at the line out, and lack speed and dribbling powers. We want one or two of the London type in the pack before Scotland is met.

If England can beat Wales by five goals, and Wales can beat

The visit of the French Rugby team to England last week was not attended with much success, and it does not appear that the Frenchmen have improved much, if any, since last year. One reason why the Frenchmen did not make much of a show this time is that the two leading French clubs—the Racing Club and the Stade Français—are not on friendly terms, and each came over on its own responsibility. Last year they combined, and the best players being selected from each club, made up a team which was able to give a fairly good account of itself.

Among the League clubs, Aston Villa still hold a leading position, and, unless the unexpected happens, ought to run out winners of the championship. Sunderland, who, through ill-luck and other causes, were at one time among the last four, are now fourth on the list, and there is every prospect of the Sunderland Scots coming out second or third. Another club which is improving slowly is Sheffield Wednesday, but the best they can now hope for, after making a wretched beginning, is to keep out of the last four. The Wednesday Club plays only one amateur, John Martin Earp. Considering how fine a back he is, it is surprising that Notts Forest allowed him to slip away from them, for he is a Nottingham man. He has also played for Everton and the Corinthians. Earp tackles very well, but he is chiefly remarkable for his tremendous

kicking powers. As he is only twenty-one years of age, he has plenty of time for improvement in judgment and artistic finish to his work.

Chatham is the only club which has defeated Oxford University this season. As the inter-Varsity match approaches so does the confidence of the Dark Blues increase.

The draw for the Amateur Cup, the second round of which takes place next Saturday, brings together some of the strongest teams. The tit-bit of the round will probably be the meeting of Old Etonians and Middlesbrough. Some people expect the winners of this tie to take the cup outright. I have a strong fancy, however, for the Old Carthusians, who, with their strongest team, should be able to defeat Reading. Another fine game should be seen between Sherwood Foresters and Stockton. The Casuals should not have much difficulty in defeating Chatham, but Marlow and Rushden will find it hard to settle their differences.

Rumours are flying thick and fast about new professional clubs for London. Not only are we promised brand-new professional teams to be located at Herne Hill, Walthamstow, and Tufnell Park, but it is stated that men from the best League clubs in England and Scotland have promised to join one or other of the new organisations. It is stated that

INDIVIDUAL SCORES OF OVER 200.			
1882, W. L. Murdoch, N.S.W. v. Victoria	321
1888, H. Moses, N.S.W. v. Victoria	*297
1891, G. Giffen, South Australia v. Victoria	271
1886, P. S. McDonnell, N.S.W. v. Victoria	239
1891, G. Giffen, South Australia v. Victoria	237
1893, G. Giffen, South Australia v. N.S.W.	205

* Signifies not out.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

Although James Kibblewhite will not run for the Essex Beagles in the Southern Counties Cross-Country Championship next Saturday, the winners of last year's triple championships again stand an excellent chance of retaining the honour when the clubs meet at Wembley Park. A very large entry has been announced, and other clubs competing include Finchley, South London, Walthamstow, Thames Valley, Stoke Newington, Highgate, Polytechnic, Ranelagh, Blackheath Harriers, and Brighton Athletic Club. H. A. Heath, the winner of last year's race, has gone abroad on a tea-planting expedition.

AQUATICS.

I was pleased to see little Harding defeat Bubcar so easily. My readers may remember that some weeks ago I said that Harding was the better

W. Cail. F. Soane. R. Wood. J. F. Eyrne. E. W. Taylor. W. E. Tucker. H. Bradshaw.



T. Broadley.
A. Allport.

H. Speed.
C. A. Hooper.

R. E. Lockwood.

J. Toothill.
F. Firth.

Photo by Wayland and Co., Blackheath.
J. Hall.
S. Murfitt.

THE INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCH: ENGLAND'S TEAM.

in reply to a single advertisement for players the new Herne Hill Club had nearly three hundred applications.

CRICKET.

Wood, the old Surrey wicket-keeper, is to have a benefit next season. I believe that the proceeds of the North v. South match, beginning on Aug. 2, will be handed to the old stumper. There is a proposal on the part of the Lancashire C.C. to buy the freehold of the Old Trafford cricket ground, but, as £20,000 is asked for it, the price is considered a trifle too stiff.

The recent heavy scoring in inter-Colonial matches in Australia has set the statistician to work, with the result that an Adelaide paper published the following statistics, which all cricket-lovers will find interesting—

AGGREGATES OF OVER 400.			
Feb. 1882, Sydney, N.S.W. v. Victoria	775
Jan. 1888, Sydney, N.S.W. v. Victoria	576
Nov. 1891, Adelaide, South Australia v. Victoria	562
Dec. 1893, Adelaide, South Australia v. N.S.W.	483
Dec. 1884, Melbourne, Victoria v. N.S.W.	482
Jan. 1891, Melbourne, South Australia v. Victoria	472
Dec. 1885, Melbourne, Victoria v. N.S.W.	471
Dec. 1883, Melbourne, Victoria v. N.S.W.	420
Dec. 1883, Melbourne, N.S.W. v. Victoria	412
Feb. 1888, Adelaide, South Australia v. Victoria	407
Dec. 1889, Adelaide, N.S.W. v. South Australia	406
Dec. 1884, Melbourne, N.S.W. v. Victoria	403

man, and ought to win. I notice that Tom Sullivan (champion of England and New Zealand) and Harding have thrown out a challenge to double-scull any other two in the world.

The 'Varsity crews are now busy getting into form, and once more it looks as if Oxford were to have matters pretty much their own way. The Dark Blues are a much heavier lot than their rivals, scaling 98½ stone in the aggregate, as against 93½ stone on the part of the Light Blues.

OLYMPIAN.

THE EARNEST YOUTH.

"I thank you, Sir, for your kind permission to call on your daughter."

"Remember that I turn out the gas at ten o'clock."

"All right, Sir; I'll not come before that time."—Life.

If time is money, the new letter-card invented by Messrs. George Beeching and Son, 178, Strand, is well worthy of adoption. It is gummed at both sides, the perforated portion being broader than the ordinary letter-card, and its use will undoubtedly save impatience as well as trouble. The same firm has published a pretty set of etchings, entitled "Nooks and Corners in the Temple"; they are six in number, and are the work of Mr. Hanson.

ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.

*Quoted from the Journal of Bishop G. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE,
Bishop of Mashonaland, 1892.*

"I offered a man £1 for half a bottle of Elliman's Embrocation, but he strongly preferred the Embrocation to the £1, as one might be replaced, the other not."

ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.

ELLIMAN'S AND THE PANAMIK.

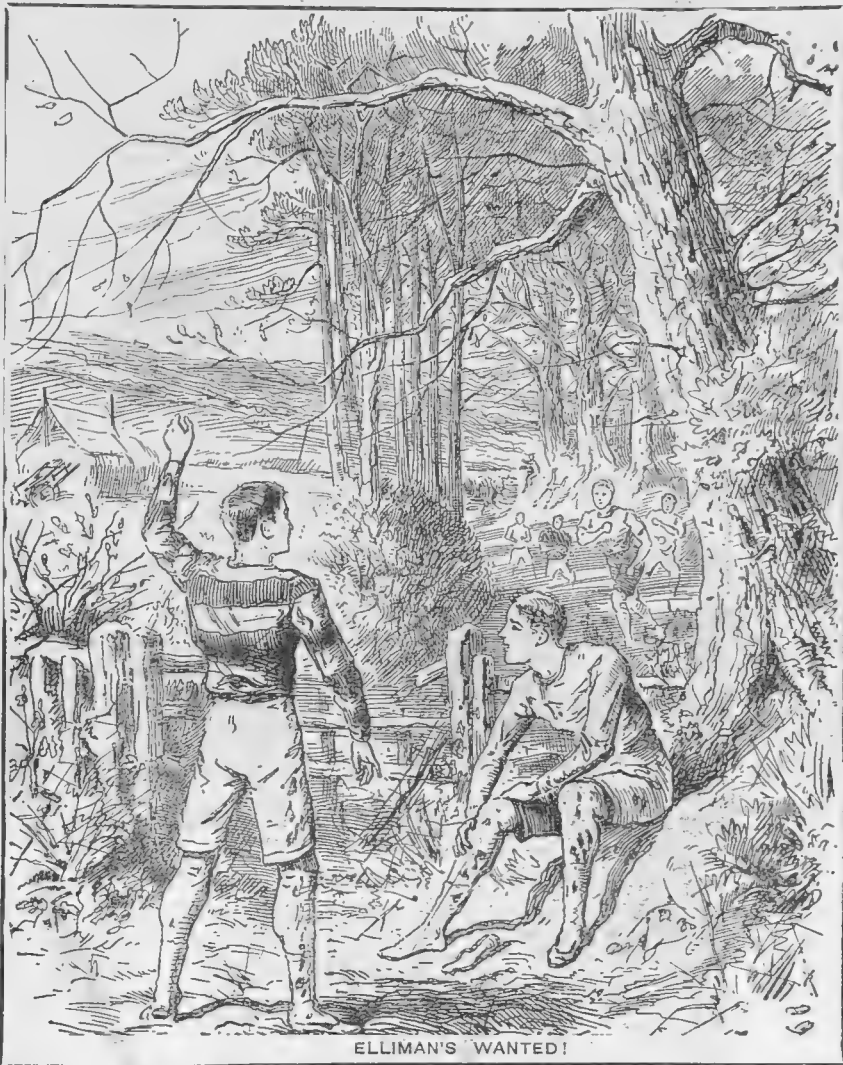
"To one of the Panamik coolies, who had sprained his knee, I gave some Elliman's Embrocation, in one of our tin tencups, and thought I had made him understand he was to rub it on, but to my horror, and before I could stop him, he swallowed the lotion, and in a very short space of time was sprawling on his stomach, choking and spluttering; but as soon as he recovered his breath, he got up and salaamed, saying it was very good. So, as he seemed quite pleased and none the worse; I did not enlighten him as to his mistake."—Page 13.

ELLIMAN'S AND THE PANAMIK.

ELLIMAN'S AND THE TAOTAL.

"He had a very bad cold on his chest and a sore throat, so I presented him with a bottle of Elliman's Embrocation, showing him how I use it. I also offered him a teaspoonful of cough mixture, but had to swallow one myself first, as he was evidently afraid of being poisoned."—Page 231. Quoted from "The Pamirs," by the EARL OF DUNMORE, F.R.G.S.

ELLIMAN'S AND THE TAOTAL.



ELLIMAN'S WANTED!

D. DENT, Esq., Short Hutt Tower, Belsay, writes:

"Newcastle-on-Tyne,

"May 22, 1889.

"I use a lot of your Embrocation. . . . I find it does greyhounds a lot of good after being hard run."

E. H. HUMPHREY, Esq., writes:

"Jan. 2, 1889.

"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my kennels, and it is an excellent remedy for sprains, bruises, &c.

"E. H. HUMPHREY,

"Master of the North Worcestershire Beagles."

SIR MARTEINE LLOYD, Bart., writes:

"June 22, 1892.

"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables and kennels, and I find it a valuable remedy.

"Sir MARTEINE LLOYD, Bart.,

"Master of the Bronwydd Beagles."

J. C. THORNTON JAGGER, Esq., writes:

"Jan. 2, 1889.

"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables for rheumatism, and kennel lameness, sprains, &c., in beagles.

"J. C. THORNTON JAGGER,

"Master of the Vale of Llangollen Beagles."



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FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS, AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE IRONS, MANTELS, &c.
REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Feb. 10, 1894.

There would be nothing to cause the least anxiety to the markets in the monetary position were it not for the continued fall in silver, which, for the first time in history, has reached something below 2s. 6d. per ounce. As far as we can remember, the Bank reserve has never been so strong as the last return shows it to be, nor have we been able to meet with anyone connected with the Stock Exchange whose recollection is any better than our own. As matters at present stand, the Government of India have succeeded in cutting off the demand for silver which for years has been the main support of the market, and has now confessedly given up the attempt to keep the rupee at an artificial level apart from its intrinsic metallic value. As might have been expected, the combined result of these admirable measures has been to put the exchange lower than ever and to completely disorganise the market for rupee paper, which, by-the-bye, even if—or, rather, when—the value of the standard coin has reached a shilling, will pay £3 9s. per cent.

The Home Railway market has been fairly steady, although Great Westerns dropped a little upon the dividend declaration of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which was $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. worse than we had led you to expect. An examination of the figures enables us to see that $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. could well have been paid, and the probabilities are that the directors took advantage of the present depression to carry forward more than they would have felt justified in doing if the shareholders had been expecting a bumper distribution. This dividend, as usual, practically ends the railway distributions for the time being, and the following list will show you how melancholy a record it is for the past half-year—

	1891.	1892.	1893.
Great Eastern	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Great Northern	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$	3
Great Western	$7\frac{1}{2}$	7	$5\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western ...	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$
London and South-Western ...	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Midland	7	$6\frac{1}{2}$	3

The reduction in the amounts distributed upon all the railways in the kingdom would probably add up to something like two millions sterling, and is bound to make itself felt in the investing power of large numbers of people from one end of the country to the other.

As we told you some time ago, there will be no assessment on Atchison bonds, and even the shareholders now believe that they also will escape. Upon some statement by Mr. McCook, one of the receivers, that the stockholders had nothing to fear, and that the line would soon be out of its troubles, there was quite a buoyant feeling in the markets yesterday, and both the shares and the bonds moved up, despite a very dull tone among the Yankee railways generally. Although for some time expected, the actual passing of the Milwaukee dividend has created a very unpleasant feeling, coming, as it does, on the top of so many disasters. With regard to the Erie reorganisation, in which you are interested, we advise you very strongly to consult your fellow-sufferer, Mr. W. S. Robson, Q.C., who has taken a leading part in the agitation, and who is quite alive to the legal position of himself and his fellow-holders.

Argentines have been dull, and Mexicans have, of course, suffered considerably from the slump in silver. This is the only danger to which Mexican credit is exposed, but, no doubt, it is a considerable one. We hear stories of an Assets Company to take over the remnants of the Baring estate from the Bank of England, and if such a company could be made into an accomplished fact it would have a very beneficial effect on the whole South American market. There has been some considerable buying of, and a rise in the securities of the Peruvian Corporation, so that already the debentures we bought for you at 54 show a slight improvement. We believe the Government has the most friendly intentions towards the Corporation, and the guano shipments are showing very good results. Investments yielding $10\frac{1}{2}$ to the buyer cannot be considered free from risk, but we do not hesitate to say that these 6 per cent. debentures at present price are, in our opinion, far less risky than many other things in the Foreign market yielding far less interest.

The Mining market has been fairly active, but no sooner do insiders push up prices than holders begin to realise. Chartered shares have shown considerable animation during the last few days, and may be very excellent things to leave to your grandchildren, although, dear Sir, for our part, we believe you, or rather your grandchildren, would do better if you put the money out to interest and ordered the income to be accumulated. The way the gigantic capital of this affair is successfully manipulated is certainly not the least of the wonders which the nineteenth century has produced. We prefer Chartered shares on their merits to Oceana and the rest of that "gang," which, perhaps, you will say is damning with faint praise. Efforts are being made to engineer a rise in De Beers and Jagersfontein shares, so far with comparatively poor results.

The announcement of the clearing off of the arrears on the Allsopp preferred shares produced yesterday a smart rise in the ordinary stock, which touched 81. On merits, we cannot see how any such price can be justified, for surely an investor would expect to get 5 per cent. on his money, and to pay this on the million of ordinary capital will take a large sum.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

The chief event of the musical season to "the faithful" who attend the "Pops" at St. James's Hall has been for many years the *rentrée* of Herr Joachim. Some there are

among the audience which annually greets the modest artist as he ascends the platform who remember the first appearance of Joachim, fifty years ago, in the Metropolis. While his exquisite style has matured and grey hairs have marked the flight of time, they are ready to affirm that age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of his beautiful playing. Instances of longevity in musicians are many, but rare are the records of the retention for fifty years of the marvellous powers of a violinist of the rank of Joachim. He was born in a quiet village in Kossuth's country—Hungary—on July 15, 1831. It is interesting to note that Haydn, Hummel, and Liszt were born within a few miles of the same district. His first tutor was Servaycinski, in Pesth, and later on Joseph Böhm, the pupil of Rode and teacher of Ernst, at the Conservatoire of Music in Vienna, the city in which Lady Hallé made her *début*, and which contained Jenny Lind's favourite audience, "the dear Viennese." Thence Joachim went to Leipzig the Critical, where at the age of twelve he became a member of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, a tribute to his astonishing proficiency. At seventeen he shared its leadership with David, and was made teacher at the Conservatoire. During the seven years of his residence at Leipzig he enjoyed the inestimable advantage of lessons from Ferdinand David and Hauptmann, and, not least, also from Mendelssohn, who guided his education in general. Next, to Weimar the young violinist went, and gained the appointment of Director of the Concerts, which he held till, in 1853, he became Master of the Chapel Royal at Hanover. His fame as an instrumentalist was fast spreading, and this necessitated journeys to the great centres of music on the Continent, and among them to London, where he created immense enthusiasm. His first visit to this country was in 1844. In these days of interviews, the success of Herr Joachim in resisting the slightest invasion of his private life is as remarkable as it is praiseworthy. When he is in London he lives in the same quiet, retired way that has always been his habit. He goes to few social functions, and then only when they are held at the houses of old friends. No one is more sensitive, and no one among musicians of first rank so cordial in the praise of young beginners. Herr Joachim will compel a pianist or violinist to play, however reluctant he or she may be to perform before the *maestro*, and most helpful criticism follows kind appreciation. He lives for his art, and the expression on his face during some fine rendering of a masterpiece by Beethoven, whom he intensely admires, is an absolute contrast to his ordinarily rather stolid look. As for his violins, they are to him as children, and over them he lavishes the most affectionate care. The great musician is very proud of the splendid violin presented to him in 1889 by Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., on behalf of his many English admirers, headed by the Duke of Edinburgh. Reference must certainly be made to the important position Herr Joachim has held since 1869 as Director of the Royal High School of Music, which forms part of the Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin, into whose senate he was called from Hanover, in 1868, by the Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia, to organise the music school. He has endeared himself by the genius which is shown in the infinite capacity for taking pains—over other people. The students who receive a compliment from Joachim are made proud for life. Both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—cities where he is always certain of the most enthusiastic welcome—have honoured themselves and music by honouring this king among violinists. His achievements as a composer cannot be overlooked, for the Hungarian Concerto is sufficient to justify his claim to high ability.

The programme on the 5th commenced with the "Rasoumowsky" Quartet in F, and as soon as Herr Joachim made his appearance with MM. Piatti, Ries, and Gibson there was most cordial applause, renewed at the close of a fine performance. As a solo he played the Adagio from Spohr's Seventh Concerto, and, being encored, gave Bach's Allegro in C—an excellent contrast. Miss Fanny Davies was not quite so interesting as usual in two solos by Beethoven. Madame Bertha Moore was encored for her pretty singing of one of Miss M. V. White's dainty songs, and the concert concluded with Haydn's Quartet in B flat.

As usual, various special programmes were arranged appropriate to the day. At the Queen's Hall, where a re-arrangement of seats is taking place, the sacred selections took the place of ballads, and attracted a large audience. For the Royal Choral Society's performance of "The Redemption" at the Albert Hall two changes in the principal vocalists were made, Miss Anna Williams taking Miss Palliser's place, and Miss Jessie Hudleston (who is progressing rapidly) substituting Miss Hoare. I record with pleasure that there was less applause than heretofore, and that Sir Joseph Barnby resisted two attempts to encore. The choir sang excellently.

LUTE.

A MAIDEN'S NAME.

"What shall we name her?" said Mrs. Darley, as she gazed fondly at her first-born.

"We'll name her Yorick," replied Mr. Darley.

"Yorick?" echoed his wife. "Why, that's a masculine name!"

"Indeed, it is not. Didn't Shakspeare say 'A lass, poor Yorick'?"

—Judge (New York).

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE GOWNS IN "DICK SHERIDAN."

If you want to realise to the full how closely the fashions of the olden time are being followed in these present days, you should go and see

"Dick Sheridan," the new play at the Comedy, for in some of the lovely costumes you will see more than mere suggestions of modern fashionable gowns, and you will certainly be able to adapt some of the ideas to advantage. As for fancy dresses, I do not think anything could well be more effective than these exquisite eighteenth century gowns, and I fancy that a good many people would choose them, if only for the sake of having their hair powdered—a fashion which, though wearisome and troublesome, no doubt, is eminently becoming to almost everyone. And then think of those patches which make a pretty face even prettier!

I was particularly delighted with the gown in which lovely Miss Winifred Emery appears in Act I. It has a bodice and petticoat of satin in a delicate but effective shade of blue, and the overdress is of striped gauze in the same colour, the sides bordered with an effective trimming in gold, and the full Watteau back caught up at each side in a quaintly pretty way. The bodice is finished off with strings of pearls, and the skirt is richly embroidered with gold in a bold design, while round the waist passes a loosely knotted girdle of the palest mauve chiffon, the ends finished off by gold tassels, a touch of the same delicate colour appearing beneath the white lace frills which border the elbow sleeves. In her powdered hair are fastened several diamond ornaments, and the whole effect is charming. I can imagine a tea gown made in this way looking simply lovely.

One catches all too short a glimpse of the dainty dress which Miss Emery dons in Act II. It is of rich silk in the palest shade of fawn, and is trimmed with ruches of bright green satin ribbon,

the train being lined with satin of the same colour, and the petticoat, of yellow silk, trimmed with a white lace flounce. The daintiest of aprons, in soft white muslin, the pockets trimmed with bows of green ribbon, forms an additional finish, and the bodice is laced over a vest of the same muslin. On her prettily arranged brown hair is perched the most coquettish of hats in dark brown felt, trimmed with a knot or two of green ribbon, and just as she first comes on the stage Miss Emery wears a long black velvet cloak, trimmed with ermine, and a huge granny muff to match. Nothing could well be simpler than her third gown, and yet its very simplicity is one of its greatest charms. It is of white silk, veiled with white silk-striped gauze, and the only touches of colour are given by a band of dark mauve satin ribbon, which is passed twice round the slender waist, and a bow of pale rose-pink, which is placed at the square-cut throat. The long, transparent sleeves are of filmy white lace.

Miss Lena Ashwell's two gowns are very elaborate and beautiful. The first has a bodice, panniers, and Watteau train of the palest leaf-green brocade with pink roses, and a petticoat of pale mauve glacé silk, trimmed with a trellis-work arrangement of chiffon, studded with tiny pink rosebuds, which also head the festooned flounce of chiffon that borders the edge. The bodice has a pointed vest of chiffon, over which it is laced with green satin ribbon, each side being bordered with



MISS EMERY (ACT I.).

effective trimming in gold, and the full Watteau back caught up at each side in a quaintly pretty way. The bodice is finished off with strings of pearls, and the skirt is richly embroidered with gold in a bold design, while round the waist passes a loosely knotted girdle of the palest mauve chiffon, the ends finished off by gold tassels, a touch of the same delicate colour appearing beneath the white lace frills which border the elbow sleeves. In her powdered hair are fastened several diamond ornaments, and the whole effect is charming. I can imagine a tea gown made in this way looking simply lovely.



MISS EMERY (ACT II.).



MISS ASHWELL (ACT I.).

a number of tiny pink satin bows. Round her neck passes a band of black velvet ribbon studded with tiny pink roses, and a wreath of the same pretty flowers is placed on the left side of her powdered hair, in which sparkles an ornament of brilliants, which was originally worn by Miss Ellen Terry in "Ravenswood," and which Miss Ashwell now wears continually, kissing it every night, she confessed, "for luck." Pink satin shoes, tan gloves, and a dainty little hand-painted fan complete a costume which, with a few very trifling modifications, might be worn by any of you at the next ball you attend.

Her second dress is of vieux-rose satin over a petticoat of heliotrope silk, and with it she wears a delightful little tippet of thick black net embroidered with pink rosebuds and bordered with fur, and a hat of green satin trimmed with pale heliotrope gauze, pink roses, and black coque feathers, while she carries a huge granny muff of fur, adorned with a bow of satin ribbon. A pretty finish is given by a fichu and elbow frills of white chiffon. Is not that an altogether delightful dress?

Miss Vane, the Queen of Bath, has an exquisite gown in Act I, which I specially commend to you for a fancy-dress ball costume. It is of buttercup-yellow brocade, the train lined with purple satin, and the petticoat, of green satin, being trimmed with festooned flounces of white lace, caught up with great bunches of purple grapes. The bodice has a stomacher of black velvet richly embroidered with gold, and over the shoulders hang bunches of grapes, the elbow sleeves being finished off with a frill of white lace, headed by a band of white satin embroidered with gold, and edged with a quilling of green satin ribbon, the same

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trimming outlining the corsage, while the train is turned back at the side with panels of white satin embroidered in gold. A black velvet

neckband, fastened with a diamond buckle, and a black-and-white ostrich tip in the hair are finishing touches that must not be forgotten.

In Act III. Miss Vane's dress is of apple-green satin, brocaded with great white roses arranged in broad stripes, the petticoat, of mauve silk, trimmed with a vandyked flounce of white chiffon and rosettes of cerise satin ribbon. The bodice is draped with white chiffon, frills of which border the elbow sleeves. I liked this gown immensely, but I cannot say that I admired, or would advise you to copy, the little cape and hood of satin which Miss Vane put on as she was leaving the stage, for, just imagine, it was of peacock-blue satin!

Taking them altogether, these gowns, in addition to being delightful to look upon, are brimful of good ideas, which you can utilise and copy in many different ways, so I have got some sketches for you to make your task still easier. I am sure that their fair wearers will not object, for, after all,

they will remember the well-worn proverb that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

The fashion world will soon be all agog over the forthcoming Drawing Rooms. Brocades of large design will, it is stated, be worn by



MISS ASHWELL (ACT II.).



MISS VANE (ACT I.).

chaperones, while younger women will array themselves in the smaller floral patterns, which have the merit of standing out so well from satin backgrounds.

FLORENCE.

A WELSH WARBLER.

The Welsh Ladies' Choir has added another notable page to its history, for on Thursday it appeared before the Queen at Osborne under the direction of its conductress, Mrs. Clara Novello Davies. The ladies were attired in brand-new Welsh costumes.

The dresses were of real Welsh flannel, of black and red, and every lady wore a black and white check flannel apron and small three-cornered shawl of the same pattern, buckled shoon, and the familiar sugar-loaf hat. Among these musical maidens was Miss Bessie Evans (contralto), who sang Sullivan's "Sleep, My Love, Sleep," and took part in a duet. She was born one-and-twenty years ago at Llanafanfawr, in Breconshire, the county in which Madame Patti has made her abode.

Miss Evans comes of a musical family. Her first appearance as a singer was at a concert at Bulth, some six miles from her home. She was then only seven years old. At the early age of ten she conducted the musical service at a Congregational chapel, where she played the harmonium. Her first competition was at an Eisteddfod, when she gained the prize for a pianoforte solo and a vocal solo. Her next prize was won at Llanidloes Eisteddfod for singing "The Lost Chord." Then she won the prize for contralto at the Rhyl National Eisteddfod, 1892, and beat sixty-four competitors at the World's Eisteddfod, Chicago, last year. Miss Evans was taught solely by her father (Llew Bualt) up to the autumn of 1892, and afterwards by Madame Clara Novello Davies, Cardiff conductress of the Welsh Ladies' Choir. After the concert, Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, Mr. David Davies (her husband), Mr. Jacob Davies (her father), and Mr. Perkins (Secretary of the Choir) were presented to the Queen. Among the ladies and gentlemen present were the Countess of Antrim (Lady in Waiting), the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam and the Ladies Elizabeth, Katherine, and Beatrice Meade, Baron and Baroness Reischach, the Hon. Lady and Miss Biddulph, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, Sir John and Lady and Miss Cowell, the Hon. Bertha Lambart, the Hon. Mary Hughes, Mdlle. de Perrut, and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards.



Photo by Sharples, Bulth.

MISS BESSIE EVANS.

BANK-NOTE FORGERIES.

The bank-note forgers of Amsterdam, who have been so cleverly captured, found the usual stumbling-block to a thoroughly successful imitation in the paper on which the notes were engraved. The Bank of England paper, as most folks know, is made specially for the Old Lady at a great expense, each note costing about fourpence and a fraction, and even if the swindlers were prepared to embark a large capital in their nefarious enterprise it is doubtful if they could produce a really good imitation of either the paper itself or the water-marks that specially distinguish it. I have seen forgeries (writes a correspondent who speaks with considerable authority on the point) that, except in this direction, might almost deceive the "very elect"—at any rate, until they came to examine curiously, and to look for those various private marks which it is absolutely impossible for the uninitiated to discover. A favourite method of passing forged notes in England is to crumple good and bad together and get rid of them on the racecourse, and a year or two ago some really excellent imitations were unhesitatingly accepted, and, indeed, were not detected till they encountered the watchful gaze of the Old Lady herself. Bank-note forging as a branch of the fine arts has, thanks greatly to photography, wonderfully improved during the last five-and-twenty years. I can remember seeing forged notes in the sixties that should not have deceived a child. I also remember, about ten years or so back, some particularly fine imitations were discovered by a labourer on one of the South London commons. They were all for large amounts, and when the happy finder tried to get rid of them he was soon pulled up and his little diversion spoiled. These notes were supposed to have been made abroad (not in Germany), and some of the Continental money-changers were bitten with them. I believe that once upon a time some ingenious rascals managed to steal some of the Bank's very own particular paper, but, luckily, the art of photogravure had not then been invented, and such forgeries as were executed on the real stuff were but clumsy, and the whole business was a failure for the ingenious contriver of the scheme.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The Committee of the Lords on the Local Government Bill is over, and I am afraid we must conclude that the Bill is practically killed. Allotments have been made dearer and more difficult of access, compulsory hiring has been reduced to a dead-letter, *ex-officio* and nominated guardians have been restored, the reform of London vestries has been eliminated, the whole body of secular charities has practically been handed back to the Church, the number of Parish Councils has been greatly reduced, and, in fact, about as much mischief has been done as the Lords could safely accomplish. Of course, all these amendments will be done away with when the Bill goes back to the Commons. But I believe that with the exception of those amendments where the Unionists went against the Tories the Lords will stand to their guns. If so, the Bill will almost certainly be sacrificed, as Employers' Liability is almost tolerably sure to be. It was hard work for the Government to get through the compromise, and they only did it on the understanding that it would form the maximum of concession; but if the Bill is to be cut down to suit Lord Salisbury, then the country Radicals will revolt and the Government will be powerless to chaffer with the Tory leader, even if they were disposed to do so. My opinion is that it has got to be a stand-up fight between the Lords and the Commons. The Unionists can do what they please, but the Liberals must either fight or lose their credit with the workmen in the towns and the labourers in the country.

WHIG V. TORY.

The debates, like everything else in the House, were very dull. It is a popular tradition that the House of Lords is a great debating assembly, that it has some business-like qualities not belonging to the House of Commons, and that it is, above all, distinguished by the grace and culture and knowledge of the Peers. I am sorry to have to dispel so pious a delusion. The House of Lords is beneath the debating capacity of a fourth-rate vestry. There are not, I should say, a dozen men in it who can deliver a speech with any pretence to eloquence or power or grace. They have no ordered procedure, and at one time I remember seeing three noble lords, all leading figures, on their legs together and addressing the House. Not one speech in twenty can be properly reported, for the simple reason that the Peers talk to each other and not to the galleries, where, as a rule, there is nobody to hear them. What the unhappy Peeresses do who sit disconsolate in the side galleries I do not know. They are much pleasanter to look at than their husbands and brothers, who are mostly rather old, rather bald, and unmistakably inclined to project as to their foreheads and to recede as to their chins. There was, however, one encounter of considerable interest. Lord Salisbury has, of course, distinguished himself in his own way during the proceedings. He is a brilliant, irresponsible, and always interesting personality. He has not for one moment disguised his bitter antagonism to the Bill, his hatred of its principle and machinery, and his determination to stand up for his mere landlord rights, irrespective of any other consideration whatsoever. The point on which he has resolutely concentrated his energies is the attempt to abolish compounding and to make the Parish Council rate a new tax, leviable directly on the poorest class of occupier. "The whole principle," he said in one of his wild extravagances, "is to enable one class to levy rates on another." Amendment after amendment was introduced to do away with compounding. The proposal was riddled with destructive criticism, Lord Playfair and Lord Kimberley both showing its absolute impossibility as a practical measure of administration. But Lord Salisbury stuck to his point until, after allowing himself to be dragged at the Tory tail in two or three divisions, the Duke of Devonshire got up, and in his solid, stolid way told Lord Salisbury to his face that he would have no more of it. The speech was the only one of the slightest note he has delivered since he ceased to be Lord Hartington. It was very blunt, very plain, and, in a sense, very strong. Lord Salisbury showed himself touched and sullen over it, but he gave way. His answering speech showed that he was an utterly unconverted man, and it was delivered with a dogged irritation which was comic to watch in the man whose arrogance of temper has suffered but this one solitary check.

SPIRITUAL V. TEMPORAL.

The worst display of all has been made by the Bishops. The Archbishop of Canterbury has the reputation of being what a profane critic would call a somewhat "downy" gentleman. He has a wonderful command of the loose kind of cash which passes for ecclesiastical wisdom, but in practice means that he is a hard and close bargainer, and a rigorous stickler for the rights and property of his Church. But I cannot say that he has played his cards with extraordinary ability. The Bishops throughout the debates have simply voted as an annex of the Tory party. A few of them have voted Liberal on one or two occasions, but the Primate has not, I think, given a solitary vote against Lord Salisbury. He supported him in his most untenable positions, and that after maintaining that he and his Church were friendly to the Bill. The right-about-face on the temperance question was simply a pure piece of time-serving. In his anxiety to save the Church rooms the Primate was perfectly willing that the labourers should in many villages be forced to hold their meetings in the public-house. This put the temperance party in arms, and the Bishops at once bent before the storm, completely reversing their previous votes and putting in a miserable, halting plea for the policy which they had previously done their best to extinguish.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

There are two important things to consider about the recent debate in the House of Lords, apart from the actual details of the discussion. One is the action of the Duke of Devonshire, the other of Lord Rosebery. I suppose nobody will deny that Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, and, perhaps, the Duke of Argyll are the four great figures in the House of Lords—men who, in any case, would be foremost statesmen and leaders of opinion. It is for this reason that the very marked behaviour of two of them—the Whig Duke of Devonshire, once the Gladstonian Lord Hartington, and the Progressive Radical, Lord Rosebery, still the Gladstonian Foreign Minister—requires a little more attention than has been paid to it.

THE LIBERAL UNIONIST LEADER.

The Duke of Devonshire's "revolt" from Lord Salisbury has been duly noted. It was, indeed, rather marked. The Duke, in his ponderous way, left Lord Salisbury rather badly in the lurch. One is almost tempted to think that the move was calculated between the two, in order to show to the world at large that there was some independence of spirit and thought even in the House of Lords. But perhaps Lord Salisbury, who has never been accounted a discreet leader, even by those who are proud to follow a speaker and thinker of so much force and originality, and fidelity to a tradition of unimpeachable Tory statesmanship, went a little too far in some of his gibes at the traditional Liberal policy of trusting the people. At any rate, the Duke did protest, both against the proposed exemption of London and with even more vigour against the abolition of the compounding ratepayer. His reason for the latter—namely, that the landlord had his remedy, in case the rates went up, by increasing the rent—seems to me, as a Conservative, supremely foolish. But, undoubtedly, the abolition of compounding would introduce a great deal of clumsiness: and, after all, if the new Parish Councils are extravagant, they will soon find it out. What is more important to recognise is this: the whole Bill is an experiment, to which both sides alike are committed. Lord Salisbury characteristically giped at the Bill, just as though he were not committed. But we must run some risks, and that being so, the Lords should not make a compromise too difficult for the Radicals to accept.

FOR THE FUTURE.

But the Duke's protest goes further. His "revolt" was a reminder both to Lord Salisbury and the Conservative party that the Liberal Unionists expect the Tories to give way to them on various important points which the Tory traditions and creed incline them to resist to the death. Do people even now quite realise, what, nevertheless, is a certain fact, that the next Ministry, the Ministry to be formed on Mr. Gladstone's defeat, will be a Coalition Ministry? I doubt if people quite understand that, while Lord Salisbury will be Foreign Minister and Mr. Balfour First Lord of the Treasury, seats in the Cabinet will also have to be found for the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James. We have got too much accustomed to fighting the Home Rulers as if we were a united band of Conservatives. The next Government will legislate—at any rate, at the outset of its career—on lines which Mr. Chamberlain will be largely responsible for laying down. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain in the same Cabinet! Even now, after nearly eight years' association as Unionists, one cannot help smiling at the conjunction; but we had better get the conjunction well into our minds, and soon. The central fact of the situation is still that, as long as there is any fight in Home Rule, the Tory-cum-Liberal-Unionist Alliance must be maintained, even at the sacrifice of lesser points in the Conservative creed.

LORD ROSEBERY'S SILENCE.

It is not to be supposed that Lord Rosebery has kept quiet and hardly ever attended the House of Lords simply because he has had a mild attack of gout; nor is his transparent indifference either to the Contracting-out Clause or to the Parish Councils Bill simply a result of his caring a great deal more about foreign politics. No doubt, foreign affairs are very pressing just now. Being in permanent conflict with Mr. Labouchere, and those whom Mr. Labouchere represents, as to the relations of Imperial Britain to her own dependencies and to the world at large, Lord Rosebery is to be pitied because foreign nations always have selected Liberal Administrations as fair game for aggravating with delicate situations; and Lord Rosebery is doubtless aware, just as Lord Spencer is, that the prime necessity for Great Britain now is not the reorganisation of her domestic government, either in England or in Ireland, but the very greatest activity in setting our national defence in order and providing the ships needed to bring our Navy up to its proper standard. But, if this were all, Lord Rosebery would yet have found time for helping Lord Kimberley and Lord Ripon, just as he can snatch an hour to make a rattling speech at a Polytechnic. No; I am much mistaken if Lord Rosebery is very much struck by the anxiety shown by Mr. Asquith in the Cabinet and Mr. Cobb and others outside it to make a cry out of rural reform and the supremacy of the trades-unions. Lord Rosebery knows that not much can be gained against a movement which depends on giving the working men their own choice. If we remember how very lukewarm Lord Rosebery was over Home Rule, it will be difficult not to think that behind his action lies a serious and absolute indifference to the present activity of some of his colleagues in the Cabinet. This indifference has now come to a head, and we ought to see results before very long.